ENGLISH REVIEW

12

AUGUST 1920

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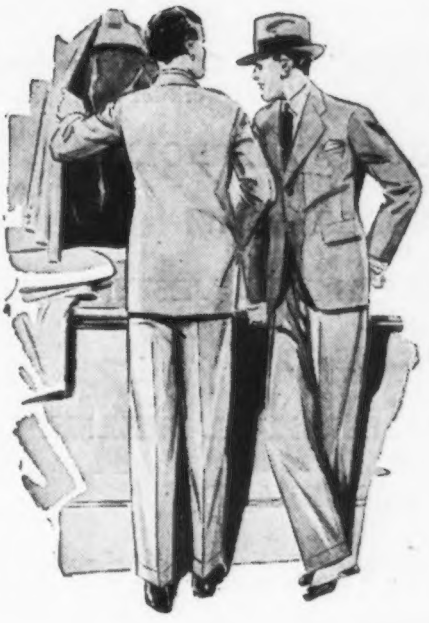

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-NINTH NUMBER

		PAGE
"TAIPING" N. F.	Chinese Misgovernment Work for the Empire	Correspondence 131
DOUGLAS JERROLD		Current Comments 133
GEORGE ADAM		Notes from Paris 146
SIR EDMUND VESTEY, BART.		The Free Trade Folly 149
JULIUS PLEB		The Socialist Government 155
W. MARSHALL FREEMAN		The Law and the Executive 167
J. O. P. BLAND		The Cult of Sun Yat-sen 174
S. P. P. COSMETATOS		Autocratic Democracy in Greece 182
"NEON"		American Air Mails and What They Cost 190
M. C. BALFOUR		The Making of a Myth 200
GRAHAM SETON		Biography of a Batman 211
JOHN LESLIE		The Lone Man 223
LT.-COL. G. S. HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C.		The Britannia Hut 232
K. M. HITCHCOX		Hamburg 235
ESTHER HYMAN		The English Mail 236
DOUGLAS AINSLIE		Poem: The Three Best Things 239
W. SENIOR		Poem: Requital 240
A. P. GARLAND		"Says Sergeant Murphy" 241
HORACE SHIPP		Lost Leaders 243
		Book Reviews 246

THE
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AUGUST, 1929

Current Comments

IT would be interesting to know if any body of people have ever been made to look foolish quite so quickly as those enthusiasts who saw in the arrival of the Labour Government the dawn of a new era. There has, as a matter of fact, been one fairly close parallel in recent political history; and that was the reaction experienced by those in close touch with affairs after the assumption of the Premiership by Mr. Lloyd George in 1916. But in 1916 it was possible for the audacious bluff to be maintained, so far as the general body of the public were concerned, for many months. For aught the man in the street knew, Mr. Lloyd George might really have had some striking war plans which he was maturing in secret. At any rate, it was true that, if he had had any such plans, he could not have disclosed them. Last month, however, the situation was reversed. Whatever Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his advisers might do, they could not keep silent. The result was seen in a King's Speech which was astonishing only in its meagreness and objectionable only in its bland indifference to programmes and promises.

Particularly False Prophets

THERE is a tendency in some quarters to praise the new Government for their moderation. This is surely the acme of muddleheadedness. The Socialists were of course under no obligation to ride for a fall by proposing a sweeping measure of nationalization. To suggest that would be mere partisan folly. The fact remains that they came into office because they were regarded by the electors—as in a lesser degree were the Liberals—

Honour Rooted in Dishonour

as the men with a definite programme for dealing with poverty and unemployment. This programme was not conditional on the state of trade or the financial situation. The whole force of the Labour appeal lay in their explicit claim that more lavish social services, shorter hours, higher wages, subsidized houses and the whole network of pensions and doles which form their policy were, *in themselves*, a cure for unemployment. They did not say to the country: "Return us to power because, when trade revives and wealth increases, we are going to re-distribute it on a more generous basis." They said, on the contrary: "Return us to power and we will start at once to increase systematically the purchasing power in the hands of the workers and the amenities which they enjoy at the hands of the State, and *in so doing* we are going to cure unemployment." It was on the strength of their express conviction on this point that the party achieved its remarkable success. There can be no defence in logic, or in honour, for the bland pretence of "statesmanship" to which the party trusts today as an excuse for running away from their policy. The plain fact is that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will not practise what he has preached because he dare not face the consequences.

The Penalty of Deceit

THE cynical deception of which millions of English men and women have been the victims at the last election has few parallels in our story. Luckily for the credit of our institutions one man has seen the facts as they are, and with an outspoken eloquence not previously heard in post-war politics has mercilessly exposed them. Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the Address was not politics. It went down to fundamentals. It is mere truth to say that the Socialists have climbed into power by the propagation of "doctrines of monstrous error." It is only less than the truth to say that it is "their punishment" to have to undeceive the people whom they have misled. For it is not only their punishment, but the punishment of the nation as a whole. What has been created is a grave and justified distrust of Parliamentary institutions. Yet who in the present state of public

temper, with a knowledge of the flood of claptrap which has been let loose on a gullible people for so many years past, can look forward with confidence to the sane direction of any anti-parliamentary experiment?

The Premier Sees the Red Light

NOT unnaturally Mr. Ramsay MacDonald shares our disquiet. As he very frankly said in his first speech in the new Parliament, the peculiar thing about modern revolutions is that they are anti-democratic. He appealed almost openly for a mutual defence league of the politicians of all shades of opinion against the hostility of the electors. The outcome of his appeal is the decision of the three parties to frame a new and agreed measure of electoral reform. Politicians will do well to realize, however, that while Parliamentary institutions can survive all kinds of anomalies in the machinery of representation, they cannot survive the fundamental insincerity of politicians. There is only one excuse for talking nonsense in public life, and that is that you honestly believe it. No public is so tolerant of honest error as the British public. None is so deeply contemptuous of deceit.

The Task of the Opposition

THE result of a vigorous opposition directed to these issues will be one of two things, both salutary. The Government will be forced to the left and defeated in the House, and there will either be an election fought on a definite programme of revolutionary legislation, which Socialist Ministers will be unable to cover up with a smoke-screen of pious platitudes, or the administration of the country on moderate lines will pass to a party which believes in moderation and understands how to make moderate policies successful. For it must not be supposed for a moment that the "moderation" of the present Government is good even in itself. Little though they believe in their own policies, the Government believe in the odds and ends of schemes which they have dug out of the pigeon-holes of Whitehall even less. As has been justly said, a Conservative Government which dared to produce so futile a series of schemes as those of Mr. J. H. Thomas

for curing unemployment would have been laughed out of office. The nemesis of the present situation is that the Government are debarred by their lack of intellectual sincerity from either a vigorous progressive or a vigorous constructive policy. They present British industry with the threat of future exactions: they deny it even the short-lived benefits of Mr. Lloyd George's inflationary programme.

Empire Trade

MEANWHILE the Conservative dovecots have been fluttered by Lord Beaverbrook's new campaign for inter-Imperial free trade. The difficulties of this scheme are, of course, twofold. The Dominions have every intention of pushing ahead with their manufactures, and do not want cheap British goods at any price. On the other hand, the British consumer does not mind whether his meat or wheat is Canadian, Australian, or Argentine so long as he gets it cheap. Whether these difficulties are insuperable depends, not on Mr. Amery, but on the wishes of the Dominions and the judgment of their financial experts. That Australia, at any rate, is dissatisfied with the tariff wall which is raising her internal price level to fantastic figures is certain; Canada, too, is looking more anxiously than ever before at the rising tariffs of her best customer, the United States. All that can be said, however, is that it is wise statesmanship to seek to increase our hold on the Imperial markets and that we must be prepared to make sacrifices in the cause. The rest must be for detailed discussion between the Governments concerned. There is no chance of any immediate revolution of policies and no hope of any short cut to prosperity. On the other hand, the proposal to remove the existing preferences is mere folly, and we cannot think that a majority of this House of Commons will endorse it.

The School Age

THE Government proposal to raise the school age to fifteen as from March 31, 1931 has been received with less attention than it deserves because all parties have paid lip-service to this "ideal." None of the three parties has explained, however, what ideal is to be reached by this means. The

attitude of the *Times* is, unfortunately, typical in its assumption (in its leading article of July 16) of the two points which require to be proved. Is it, in fact, the case that the raising of the school age will (*a*) reduce unemployment and (*b*) increase our national efficiency? The additional "intake" is calculated at 500,000 children of whom we may, perhaps, assume 400,000 to be at present engaged in industry. But how is their removal from industry to help unemployment? Either these children will be replaced by grown men and women or they will not be replaced at all. In the latter case—and inevitably there will be very many such cases—we are (looking at the matter from the purely economic standpoint) merely adding to the burdens on industry while depleting their supply of a special type of labour which, in the cases under discussion, we must assume not to be replaceable. When, however, adult labour can be and has to be employed in place of child labour, what is the result but to add to the labour costs without increasing the output? This is the surest and quickest way of reducing employment, not of increasing it.

Do Children Keep Adults Out of Work?

THE fallacy which leads to the contrary belief is, of course, that children are productive units differing only from adults in the quantity they produce. If every child in industry produced x goods or services and every adult $2x$, it would, of course, be good policy (again on economic grounds) to re-employ those adults now in receipt of relief from public funds and to keep the children at school. Unfortunately, however, children are employed in industry either on children's work or as a means of training them to do men's work. Inevitably there must be cases where employers, unable to get children of fifteen, would be forced to employ, instead of two or three children, one or two adults. But such cases are quite clearly the exception. It is, indeed, the universal experience that every attempt to cut off the source of supply of cheap labour from a trade leads to less, not to more, employment. Certainly, in the distributive trades and the commercial houses, no employer who can usefully employ an intelligent adult would dream of taking on

instead two or three children of fifteen who come without experience, without discipline, with everything to learn and with very little capacity to produce anything. It may be justifiable (as it was in the case of the sweated workers of Cradley Heath) to force up labour rates. But in that case, humanity, and, in this case, educational policy must be the defence. On economic grounds there is no shred of justification for raising the school age and very weighty arguments against it.

The Educational Problem

THE educational argument for raising the school age is on a different plane. The difficulty in considering it is to rid ourselves of the tyranny of bogus technicalities and to keep the expert in his place. Naturally, for the schoolmaster, there is nothing like leather; but it is mere folly to assume that every time an "educational expert" calls, in the name of national efficiency, for more expenditure on school teachers' salaries, we have a moral obligation to put our hands in our pockets. There are only a few problems of ordinary life on which men and women of the world ask a schoolmaster's advice, and national efficiency is not one of them. That a child will learn *something* by being kept another year at school is obvious. The only point for consideration is whether he will be more efficient at sixteen if he has spent the last two years in the world learning to do the world's work, or if he has spent one of them learning a little more from his books. Personally, I suspect that the average man's answer to this problem would go against the schoolmaster, and so does the schoolmaster, who has his answer ready. "Man does not live by bread alone," he tells us. Education is not merely or even chiefly a training for industry; it is a positive benefit conferred on the child, and the pleasure he gets from the things of the mind is something which the State has no right to limit. In so far as this is an argument against an exclusively technical education, it is sound. As an argument for raising the school age, it is bunkum. The point at issue is whether the average child *will* grow up with a keener mind by reason of an additional year at school. It is this point which should be much more closely examined than it has been.

At present the case is not made out. We have only a limited amount to spend on education. Is it clear that the money required for this new proposal could not be better employed?

Coal and Cotton

THE outlook in the coal and cotton industries is, as I write, decidedly bad. The chances of a satisfactory settlement of the new wages agreements which will soon be necessary in the majority of coalfields are, of course, diminished by the Government's promise of legislation restricting hours. So long as the miners retain the hope, to which they have clung for so many years, of a Government subsidy, there can be no permanent peace in the industry. This is the essence of the case against State interference, and if the events of the last ten years have not taught us our lesson, nothing will. There are signs that the Government themselves are not so blind to the truth of this elementary proposition as they pretend to be. But here as elsewhere they are reaping what they have sown, and the country, and the miners in particular, will probably have to share their punishment. The only hope lies in the slow but steady increase in employment in the mines and its effect on the rank and file of the miners.

Lancashire Pessimism

THE outlook in Lancashire is, if possible, more unsatisfactory. Mr. Holroyd's letter to the *Times*, putting the point of view of the Master Cotton Spinners, is as hopeless a document as we have seen for a long time. Everything is well in Lancashire except production costs, he says, and the moral is that, when we talk of rationalization, we are wasting our breath: all that is wanted, presumably, is lower wages. The short answer to this is that any fool can run an industry if he can get enough cheap labour. The whole problem of industrial reorganization is to maintain wages at a decent rate. Where production costs are too high this can only be done by increasing the total output relatively to the total labour charge. This is what has been done in France. If it cannot be done in Lancashire, the industry is doomed. The policy of mere

wage depression will simply not be accepted and is not worth discussion. When Mr. Holroyd protests against the army of amateur economists who are ready to reorganize his industry, he has my sympathy. But if he himself has nothing to suggest but wage reductions in an industry where short time is already being worked and wages are already low, the public cannot be blamed for being sceptical.

"This Bondage"

We published in our last two issues important articles on the future of lighter-than-air aircraft. In so doing we emphasized our conviction that there is an air problem which in the public interest needs to be discussed. The first challenge to current popular beliefs on the potentialities of air transport came with Neon's "Great Delusion," a book of singular force to which no effective reply has ever been made. The reason for this, we believe, is that those interested commercially and otherwise in aviation thought it best not to reply. The general public, seeing only the almost daily tale of new "records" in aviation, could be trusted to misunderstand the very limited significance of these achievements. It will be interesting to see if the same policy of silence is adopted in regard to a far more important work which has been just published under the title of "This Bondage." The author is Commander Acworth, D.S.O., R.N., and the book attempts to define in black and white the laws of air currents and aerial navigation and to draw the logical deductions from these laws in regard not only to aeroplanes and airships but also to the flight of birds. The importance of the work lies not only in the evidence it brings forward in support of many of Neon's destructive criticisms of current air policy, but in its bearing on beliefs current among ornithologists, many of which are shown to be mere delusions. Yet these beliefs contribute not a little to the "evidence" for the current gospel of the evolution of species. The book calls for an answer alike from scientists and airmen. We shall be interested to see this answer. Meanwhile readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW will not be wasting their time if they read Commander Acworth's closely reasoned, though controversial, book.

CURRENT COMMENTS

More Peace

THE activities of China and Russia, those two devoted adherents to the Kellogg Pact and ardent workers for world peace, are wrapt in mystery at the moment of writing. The only thing that is clear is that neither Power has any intention of negotiating except with the sword in its hand. As realists, we cannot blame them. Fine words butter even fewer parsnips in Manchuria than they do in Europe. What is most remarkable is the completely pre-war atmosphere of the whole dispute —crowds demonstrating before Legations, the closing of frontiers, the censorship of the Press, hurried movements of troops and anxious diplomats looking for formulæ. If anyone had asked for a complete and timely proof of the futility of the orgy of peace treaties and covenants in which our progressive politicians have been indulging, nothing better than this dispute could have been produced. It is not even probable that active hostilities will break out, but it will be the possibility of Japanese intervention and not the Kellogg Pact which will assist the maintenance of peace. The humorous thing is the bland forgetfulness of both sides in the matter of that document. No one supposed that the Pact would prevent all wars, but even the most pessimistic of us had imagined that the technique of enforcing your will on your adversary would be considerably changed by its existence. We expected at least a little lip-service to the cause of arbitration. We were wrong.

The Prayer Book Again

THE attempt to create a new crisis over the Prayer Book will fail, because the Church has an irrefutable answer. If the House of Commons insisted on the rigid enforcement of the book of 1662, the Church of England would prefer, and insist on, disestablishment. Ultimately, Parliament has got to be guided by the Bishops or the Bishops have got to go out of Parliament. No substantial body of opinion will tolerate the supremacy of a lay House of Commons representing all creeds and four countries over the doctrine and practices of the Anglican Church. Naturally, different parties in the Church will make use of the present situation to try to

secure the predominance of their own views in the Church, but extreme Protestants, faced with an Anglo-Catholic House of Commons, would protest as vigorously against Parliamentary supremacy as the Bishop of Durham does today. No danger to religion can lie in the action which the Bishops are now going to take to secure some measure of good order and ecclesiastical discipline: the vitality of the Church of England, which means the vitality of institutional religion within the State, depends on the supremacy of the Bishops within the Church. If this cannot be achieved, then institutional religion is in any case doomed so far as the Protestant Churches are concerned.

Church and State: A Fallacy

It is assumed in some quarters that it is the old Reformation quarrel of the Church with the State that is threatening to break out again. Press comments on the recent case where a landowner was sent to prison by an ecclesiastical court have been based largely on this assumption, which, however, has no substance, either in logic or fact. The quarrel between Church and State was settled in favour of the State centuries ago. It was not, however, a quarrel about the powers of the ecclesiastical authorities over doctrine or over the administration of Church property or ecclesiastical law. It was a quarrel over the claim of the Church to use its religious influence to determine secular policy and to use the secular power to enforce its doctrines. The attempt, therefore, to raise in connection with the Prayer Book controversy and the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts the issue of *Church* v. *State* is based on a complete misunderstanding of the old quarrel, and is, if it is serious, the beginning in this country of the old Continental quarrel—not between Church and State—but between secularism and religion. The only possible objection to the right of an eccleciastical court, duly constituted by law, to administer duly enacted laws and to enforce statutory obligations, is that an ecclesiastical court is an inherently incompetent body. And the only possible ground for challenging the right of the Bishops to define the doctrine and practice of their own Church,

is that episcopacy is an inherently ridiculous institution. To those who disbelieve in institutional religion these things are, no doubt, self-evident, and *delenda est Carthago* is a relevant cry. But let us be quite clear what is happening, and let us treat with the contempt which it deserves the pretences that the issues at stake are purely constitutional. You either believe that the episcopacy is a divinely-guided institution or you do not. Only the "modern mind" could imagine for a moment that a compromise could be found between these two beliefs. You may rightly and wisely believe that the authority of Bishops and Churches lies within certain provinces only, just as the Roman Catholic holds the Pope infallible only in matters of faith and morals, and only on certain defined occasions. You cannot, however, believe that the teachings of a Church are divinely guided only when they coincide with the views of the House of Commons. There are limits even to the credulity of the twentieth century.

Cricket

THE Test Matches against South Africa have done more to establish the reputation of the losers than the winners. I do not agree, however, that there is any cause for alarm except as to the mentality of our selection committee. Obviously those members of our touring team who bore the burden and heat of the day in Australia are stale, and if not rested adequately by their counties, should have been passed over for representative games. Hobbs has set a sensible example, but it is clear that we are at the moment without two satisfactory opening bowlers in the England eleven, which is frankly absurd in a season where bowlers have been performing remarkably on unfavourable wickets. It it not for a layman to say who are the two bowlers whom batsmen of Test Match calibre would least wish to meet at the start of an innings, but it can hardly be suggested that Hammond, who does not usually open the bowling for his own county side, is one of them. Moreover, in their wise determination to produce an animal without a tail, the selection committee have produced an animal without any legs. They will have to do something better next year if we are to keep the ashes.

The Civil Service

It is to be hoped that the Prime Minister will appoint a strong Commission to investigate the Civil Service, and that its terms of reference will include specifically the recruitment, organization, and pay of the administrative class. The trouble with the Civil Service is that it combines about five different services raising widely different problems. The Civil Service, to speak of it as an institution, is a large employer of skilled and of semi-skilled labour; it is the largest employer of clerical labour in the country; it has to collect the revenue; it has to advise the Government of the day on all matters of public policy; and it has to administer the country and the Crown colonies. The problems which are placed in the forefront by the Press are the least important. "Equal pay for men and women" is a slogan of importance to school teachers who are not Civil Servants, but of small importance elsewhere except in the Post Office. Questions of pay and hours for the clerical classes are proper matters for investigation but they do not require a Royal Commission to determine them. What is vital is to secure for future generations an official class capable of collecting the revenue, advising the Government, and administering the country. The problem is only, on the surface, one of recruitment, pay, and promotion. Actually it cuts deeper.

Our Rulers a Generation Ago

The old administrative class in the Civil Service was a "class" in every sense of the term. It was drawn almost exclusively from the Victorian "upper-middle" professional class with a sprinkling of "younger sons" (mainly in the Foreign Office) and members of the intelligentsia, which meant in Victorian times something very much less inclusive than it does today. The pay was always small, but the life was easy, the social relationships pleasant, and there was a high average of men of private means. The system worked and no one troubled about it. It worked, however, not because any heaven-inspired system had been devised, but because the Civil Service of those days was an easy association of men of the world, of the same class and with the same traditions as their political chiefs, with an hereditary

distaste for over-zealous or pettifogging administration, and with a broad knowledge of the world which they *brought to* their work. Today three new factors dominate the situation. A new class is monopolizing the open scholarships at the universities, and will in time, in default of some change in the system, monopolize the vacancies in Whitehall. Secondly, there is, simultaneously, a strong demand for promotion from below. Thirdly, and most important of all, the continuing changes in the value of money and in social conditions mean that the average Civil Servant of the administrative class will soon be no longer a man who mixes, in the ordinary ways of social intercourse, with the leaders of politics, commerce, industry, and the professions. This means that we are laying up for ourselves the dubious pleasure of a bureaucracy of clerks on the Continental model.

The Rulers of the Future?

How to avoid this, and the attendant evil of a rapid decline in the authority of government, is the supreme problem for Parliament. Parliamentary government depends absolutely on the existence of a powerful, instructed, and respected administrative class who are not below but above party. At the moment, so far as the Civil Service is concerned, we are living on capital. Many of the ablest Civil Servants of all grades are leaving the service, and those who remain are mostly snapped up by Ministers as "private secretaries" or in other ways divorced from the routine of administration. It is not by any means only a question of pay. It is even more largely a question of personnel, training, and promotion. We do not want a "class" service, but we want a service as representative of all classes and all types of ability as are the leaders of the Bar or the heads of the great financial and business houses. To secure this will mean a drastic and thoughtful reorganization of the whole Civil Service.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Debt Ratification. — By majorities which ranged between twenty-six and eight in the successive divisions which put an end to the long discussion of debt ratification in the Chamber, France has agreed to honour the signature of one or two of its Governments and of the various gentlemen who have filled the position of chief cashier to the Republic during and since the war. Before the end of the debate, M. Poincaré succumbed to the effects of his own oratory. During the war, when M. Briand reluctantly agreed to hold a secret sitting of Parliament, he remarked, " At last we are going to tell the whole world the whole truth." M. Poincaré found a more subtle way of ensuring secrecy, by telling the whole truth in public sitting, but at such inordinate length, and with such closely-knit reasoning, that Parliamentary journalists soon gave up all hope of producing even a summary of his daily speech on debts. His audience seemed willing to ratify anything for a respite, and the ordinary public remained as profoundly ignorant of the country's real financial position as it was before.

M. Briand in Charge.—In the Premier's absence, through illness, conduct of the last stages of the debate should, from a hierarchical point of view, have been entrusted to M. Barthou, as Minister of Justice and Vice-President of the Cabinet. The task more naturally fell to the lot of that skilful Parliamentarian, M. Briand.

It was comparatively easy, to a man of his broad vision, to tell even a reluctant Chamber that France could not possibly attend the approaching International Conference with any dignity, if her representatives went there with her signature discredited in advance. M. Briand sees the larger horizon of future history. While realizing that business men, perhaps even in war time, can have their recollections blotted out by money, he sees with justice that, if war should again afflict Europe, the statesmen of that period will have to deal not so much with the memories of moneyed men as with the feeling of peoples; that, while business has its own methods of self-protection, peoples are liable to act instinctively; and that, if France were again faced with the necessity of appealing for world assistance, the fact that she had not honoured her signature with regard to

her present debts would inevitably weigh against her in the estimation of the world.

A Small Majority.—I am writing these notes after a sitting which lasted until nearly two o'clock in the morning. It is impossible to gauge with any accuracy what is going to be the immediate political effect of a division which, on a critical point, gave the Government a majority of only eight, and which led a number of Radical Socialists, in defiance of party discipline, to vote for Ratification and the Government. It is clear, however, that such a small majority cannot encourage the Government, and will stimulate the Poincaré Opposition, which is entrenched in the Committee of Finance of the Chamber under M. Malvy's chairmanship. In the course of the early but heated hours of this morning the Finance Committee ran a resolution through which will enable it, in discussing the ways and means of giving effect to the Ratification resolution, again to attack the Government.

The Effects of Ratification.—Perhaps the only satisfactory feature of the Parliamentary proceedings has been that in French mental markets the pound sterling has gone up and the dollar has gone down. People have again been reminded that Great Britain came into the war in 1914; that she was the first to suggest, and without any profit to herself, all-round cancellation of debts; and that the Caillaux-Churchill agreement (which was ratified unanimously last night) gives France more favourable treatment than she receives under the Mellon-Bérenger arrangement. It is, indeed, quite a long time since French feeling towards England was as cordial as it is now; but, unfortunately, national feeling is always fickle, and no doubt there are many changes still ahead.

Popular Feeling and Political Fact. — Jacques Bonhomme will remain convinced that he is the only lamb in a world of ravening wolves, and that the debt agreements with Britain and America, as well as the Young plan, are harsh and unconscionable bargains drawn up by usurers. Democratic government, as practised here, has placed France in a thoroughly humiliating position, just at a time when she will stand in need of every aid that prestige can give her in the approaching International Conference. Everybody in Parliament knew quite well that some form of ratification

was inevitable unless the financial progress achieved by M. Poincaré were to be sacrificed; and for reasons of internal politics everyone was anxious to have the appearance of having been forced to such a course by stern necessity, and as all parties in the Chamber have, at one time or another, had a finger in the debts pie, much of the time of the House was devoted to speeches in which the various leaders have attempted to dodge their share of responsibility.

M. Poincaré and the American Hopes.—Parliamentary wits enjoyed themselves vastly at M. Poincaré's expense in the course of his tremendously long speech, which is generally recognized as having been a monumental effort inspired by a courageous and patriotic desire to sober up a country which has managed to get drunk on the fumes of propaganda spirit intended for export bootlegging consumption. The French can hardly complain if Americans, whom they have flattered with gross insincerity, have finally accepted the tale that they won the war. The French Press has yelled it at them in every possible manner for some years past. Newspapers have held up American intervention as being a settlement of America's debt to that much-exploited gentleman, Lafayette, whom many New Yorkers until the war thought of as the proprietor of a well-known hotel of that name near Washington Square. French propagandists committed the cardinal mistake of not realizing that, while they succeeded in bluffing the Americans into assuming virtues and responsibilities which American modesty would be naturally anxious to evade, they were also, at the same time, misleading their own people into impossible expectations of preferential treatment.

The Reaction to Reality.—All these unjustified hopes have been stimulated by the unofficial diplomacy of travelling Rotarians and other self-appointed spokesmen who have, in the "genial glow of banquets," promised France the moon. The reaction is now rather abrupt. M. Briand's talk about the necessity of a United States of Europe is, it is explained, in no way due to a feeling that Europe will have to combine, if it wishes to meet American economic Imperialism on anything like equal terms. Yet, among Continental countries which see their industries and finance falling rapidly under American control, that feeling does undoubtedly exist.

The Free Trade Folly

"Once the Liberal Party's Pride, now their Shame."

By Sir Edmund Vestey, Bart.

THE Free Traders inside the Conservative Party knifed that party at the last election and we now have the spectacle of the Free Traders in the Socialist Party within a few weeks of their coming into power, so-called, digging the grave of that party. We see Britain today with universal suffrage—tens of millions of voters who cannot know, who neither know nor care, anything whatever about the foreign trade policies of the great nations of the world. Still less do they understand the effect those policies have either on Britain's unemployment difficulties or on the welfare of the millions more who are employed. But what these millions of workers do see is a vast amount of unemployment holding them down, and that for every rise in wages they have been able to get during their lifetime they have to thank their trade unions, not the politicians of any party. Their trade unions have forced every rise in wages they have got out of their employers; hence a feeling amongst the workers of Britain that the Conservative and Liberal Parties have failed in their duties towards them.

Just before the last election one of my daughters asked me to speak to two of her maids, who openly said they were Communists. These girls said that they were from the North of England and were going back to vote for the Labour Party. To my inquiry in what way they thought the Labour Party would do any better for them than the Conservatives, one of them replied: "My father is a puddler in a steel mill; he has been out of work for nearly two years; we cannot be any worse off than that under the Labour Party."

Our politicians for the last thirty years have spent their time spreading their nets for votes by telling the workers the benefits they were going to give them. In 1891 Britain spent £21,000,000 per annum on social

services. By 1928 this had risen to nearly £370,000,000 per annum. The fact that this huge amount of money is being scattered broadcast amongst the workers of Britain, taken mainly from the richer people, has left the workers more dissatisfied than ever. One would think our politicians of all classes might begin to realize that no amount of money given to this great body of people will satisfy them; yet one of the first acts of Mr. MacDonald is to fly to the North in a spectacular manner so that every worker in Britain may know that his first business is to give them something more in money than his predecessors had given them. And so our politicians go on, ever adding to the amount they take away from the funds that invested would create employment for these working people.

In my opinion nothing will satisfy the British people but reasonable employment at fair wages, with the prospect of advancement in life for themselves and their children; that, being members of the world's greatest Empire, they are entitled to expect. What do we find our politicians doing to bring these necessary conditions about? Mr. Snowden, a bred-in-the-bone Free Trader, incapable of changing his ideas if he would, almost in his first speech in the House intimated to our Dominions that he did not care what preferences they were giving to the manufactures of the British workmen; he was going to cancel the preferences Britain was giving to these Dominions and safeguarding duties. Imagine any British business man managing the interests of Britain talking as Mr. Snowden did to his best customers: a paltry 15,000,000 of them in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, our own kinsmen, who buy from Britain more British manufactures than all the 300,000,000 people forming all the nations situated between Boulogne and Vladivostok, or the 280,000,000 in the Americas between New York and Buenos Aires. I agree with Mr. Snowden that there are limits to the additional amount of British manufactures these 15,000,000 in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa can buy from us. But we can, and we ought to, foster by mutual concessions that good feeling which exists between the Motherland and her children to the great mutual advantage of both. The

enormous purchases of British manufactures by these 15,000,000 people in our Dominions throw on the screen in a startling manner the scandalous injury our politicians during the last thirty years have done to the workers of Britain by their so-called Free Trade. That policy amounts to saying: "No matter what tariffs foreign nations place on British manufactures to prevent us from selling British goods in their countries on fair terms, Britain will smile and say we do not care what injury you do to British workers by your tariffs."

America, Germany, France, Italy, Japan, and every other great manufacturing nation in the world, these Free Traders would like us to think, do not understand what they are doing. Free Trade is the thing; they should adopt that. They just listen with their tongues in their cheeks, for every one of these great nations, having tried the effect of a tariff to protect their home markets, would not dream of going back to comparative Free Trade. I am perfectly well aware of the stock argument of the British Free Traders, that before the war Britain prospered under Free Trade; I say that she prospered because of the Empire our forefathers handed down to us, in spite of Free Trade, not because of it. Our prosperity with a tariff for retaliation against any country that placed tariffs on British manufactures would have been infinitely greater.

These Free Traders boast of our progress under Free Trade; I would point out to them that the standard wage of a sailor in the British Mercantile Marine up to the war was £1 per week, of which that poor man left 15s. for the support of a wife and family to drag out a miserable existence in the degrading surroundings of the slums of Britain's ports. Our railway porters got from 18s. to 25s. a week. Our casual labourers at the wharves in London got 6d. an hour, many times in a month being sent home with no work at all, and other days with 1s. or 2s. 6d. for two or five hours' work in the day. Do you wonder we were able to grind 300,000 people to emigrate every year from such conditions under so-called free imports? There was prosperity for the employers by grinding down the wages of the people, but from the workers' point of view this system of so-called Free Trade

was a ghastly failure. Imagine the struggles and hardships that our forefathers went through to secure our Empire for Britain, and then, because they have done so, these Free Traders in Britain persist in maintaining a trade system to benefit the people of every great competitive nation at the expense of the British worker —a system that would break down in a few months, if they no longer had the profits from our Empire to bolster it up.

These Free Trade men are in every party in the key positions; their numbers are small compared to those who are against it, but today we Fair Traders are powerless. In the Conservative Party we had Free Traders who stabbed the Party in the back by making Mr. Baldwin say in 1924 that there would be no general tariff, and again the same in 1929. But we can console ourselves with the thought that the Party was defeated at this election entirely owing to the effects of the policy of these Free Traders inside it. There is nothing but eventual ruin in sight for any party that does not throw overboard this miserable and discredited system. Only yesterday I was talking with an ex-Cabinet Minister, and he told me that in the days of the Coalition Cabinet Spain announced that she was going to put a duty on British coal. The Cabinet informed Spain that, if she did, Britain would put a duty on Spanish oranges. They heard nothing further of the duty on coal. Do you think the Free Traders in the Cabinet learned anything by that incident? Nothing will teach them; they are incapable of changing; it is a religion for which they are prepared to see themselves and the British nation crucified rather than change. We might as well expect to convert the Pope of Rome to become President of the Congregational Church in England. The British nation are now going to have another exhibition of the results of this paralysing farce of so-called Free Trade through the actions of its supporters in the Socialist Party Cabinet. There is only one real job for the Socialist Government that matters for the workers of Britain, and that is to get the same treatment for the products of British labour in the markets of these 600 million people in the nations of

Europe and the Americas from New York to Buenos Aires as Britain gives to those countries in the British market. We do not want any Balfour Commissions or League of Nations Trade Committees to persuade these great manufacturing nations of the world that their treatment of Britain's manufactures in return for the free run of the British market we give them is unfair; they know it well enough, and look upon us as a lot of simple fools to stand it as long as we have done.

Britain's greatest and most valuable market, as with every other great manufacturing country in the world, is the home market. Instead of giving it away to competitors for nothing, as no other great country in the world does, Mr. MacDonald should tomorrow cancel all trade treaties with those foreign countries and their most favoured nation clauses, and just pass a law that "There shall be a tariff on all manufactures coming into Britain, the same as that applied to British similar goods by the country the imported article comes from," and also that, where wages are lower or hours longer, a tariff to equalize these with English conditions shall be applied. There would be no need for Mr. MacDonald to go to America—we saw the result of Mr. Baldwin's visit. Negotiations for disarmament can much better be conducted by the Cabinet in London. We do not want to talk to any country at the present time regarding their tariffs. Their politicians will do whatever they think best to secure votes from their fellow countrymen. Let Britain's politicians return to sanity by passing laws similar to that I mention above. When we have had a new experience of the modern method of carrying on the foreign trade between nations, we shall then be in a position to negotiate our valuable home market for concessions to all the other great manufacturing nations of the world in exchange for what we may want from them. Our unemployment nightmare will have disappeared and the apostles of this foolish and self-sacrificing dogma will have no more chance of ever doing Britain the same injury again than the Free Traders of New South Wales, who dared to suggest that New South Wales should return to the Free Trade system she had until recent years.

Let our Free Traders go and spend their time converting America, China, Japan, India, Italy, Germany, France, or any other great nation to belief in the delights of their system and the enormous benefit they think it would be to adopt it. That would be a better occupation than ruining the lives of a million people in Britain today with their dead policy. The result is that we have only been able to sell to 300 million people in Europe or nearly 300 million in the Americas from New York to Buenos Aires as much as we sell to 15 millions of our own kinsmen in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. We have, too, to remit to New York every year 200 millions sterling to balance our trade and debt. That debt under a proper trade system constructed to help the workers of Britain would be paid by their taking British manufactures to a far greater extent than ever will be allowed by our present one-sided arrangement.

The Socialist Government

A Trade Unionist's Point of View

By Julius Pleb

As is customary, the different political parties have been spending the lull following the election of the new Parliament in reviewing the field of battle. Elated with their wide and unexpected success, the leaders of the Labour Party have been celebrating their victory by making spectacular gestures in respect of international relationships, disarmament, unemployment, old-age pensions, etc. Time will tell whether the Socialist Government will be able to deliver the goods.

Filled with the bitterness of defeat, the Liberal and Tory Parties have been apportioning blame. The rank and file have indulged in the usual orgy of "Joss" smashing, whilst the leaders have been scolding the rank and file for the reverses sustained. The fact of the matter is that the Baldwin Administration was singularly unfortunate. Apart from the fact that a retiring Government is always at a disadvantage, industrial recovery was retarded and some efforts at effective economy were frustrated by the national strike of 1926. Consequently, abnormal unemployment continued. But, for many months past, there had been distinct signs that industry was beginning to recover from the disastrous events of 1926, and the benefits from the Conservative Government's consistent policy of deflation were about to accrue. It is not unreasonable to suggest that, had the General Election been deferred until next year, Mr. Baldwin's Government would have been returned to power. Be that as it may, the Socialists are in control of the nation's destinies, and it is about the Socialist Government that I wish to write.

Let us first briefly review the development of the Labour Party—it is not uninteresting. For thirty years I have been a member of one of the biggest and most

influential trade unions in the country and, unlike most members, I have always taken a lively interest in the business of the organization. The union offered very definite advantages. Unemployment, sickness, superannuation, funeral, accident, and dispute benefits were provided; members' tools were insured against fire and theft, and free legal assistance was also provided. Being in continuous contact with each other, members were acquainted with the state of trade in the shops and with any vacancies that might occur. Many of these advantages, albeit to a lesser degree, still obtain.

Thirty years ago political discussions were forbidden in the branches, especially amongst the older trade unionists, who vigorously protested when any member had the temerity to introduce political subjects in the branch. But the "New Unionism," as it was called, was rapidly spreading in the many suburban branches which had sprung up to meet the needs of increasing membership, in which politics were preached unashamed, and it was in one of these new branches that I received my baptism of trade unionism. It is not difficult to understand that, in such an environment, I became a supporter of the new movement—the "Labour Representation Committee," as it was then called. But I have never taken kindly to politics being mixed up with union business. I hold the opinion that trade unions are essentially industrial organizations, and as such should confine their activities exclusively to industrial affairs. I did not join the union because of any religious or political views I may have held—I became a trade unionist to safeguard my interests in the workshop and to make provision against sickness, unemployment, old age, etc. Nevertheless, I joined the Labour movement because the arguments of its propagandists appealed to me.

My earliest recollections of the propagandists was the insistence that the Labour Representation Committee was not like the older political parties. The candidates for Parliament were to be democratically elected by the rank and file of affiliated bodies, and "Labour" had no intention of resorting to the tactics alleged to be practised by other parties. "Send trade unionists to Parliament"

was the slogan upon which the new Party was built. We were told that no rich men would be permitted to become members of the Party, and that elections would be conducted with pristine purity. Meetings and canvassing, yes! But nothing else. Such expediences as nursing constituencies and keeping seats warm would not be countenanced by the new "Party of the People," and the movement thrived on this propaganda. The average trade unionist, knowing little of politics, was easily led to think that the other political parties were responsible for all the industrial and economic ills the workers were heir to, and he quickly absorbed the new doctrine. Such, indeed, was the Labour Party when it was formed in 1900, and when it had but two representatives in the House of Commons.

Since then things have considerably changed. The trade unions, instead of fulfilling their functions as such, have become huge political machines. The Party which was built up on the pence of the early trade unionists—and it should be remembered that it is from the unions that the Labour Party still obtains much of its money—is now the happy hunting-ground of wealthy dilettanti politicians, Liberal and Conservative failures, well-paid trade union officials, and political careerists. The same Party which, in "Labour and the Nation," went out of its way to refer to the Liberals and Conservatives as "the parties of privilege and wealth," now boasts of including in its membership titled aristocrats, captains of industry, bankers and millionaires. Moreover, whereas in 1910 the Party Executive was composed almost exclusively of trade union officials, the present Executive Committee includes such people as Sir Oswald Mosley, Sir C. P. Trevelyan, Dr. Hugh Dalton, and Dr. Ethel Bentham.

Thus we have the anomaly of a political party which draws its sustenance largely from the rank and file of industrial organizations, and yet is used in the interests of people who are not trade unionists (Mr. MacDonald himself stated in the House of Commons on May 6, 1926, that he was *not* a trade unionist), and of whom many have not the slightest connection with Labour. It is a remarkable fact that the advanced "left-wingers" will

mainly be found, not among the trade union Members of Parliament, but among the "intelligentsia" of the professional, middle-class, and well-to-do Members. Small wonder that trade unionists throughout the country are asking why it is that the Party persists in retaining the title of "Labour," and how much longer the unions will be content to be the appendages of a parliamentary party largely dominated by professional politicians. This rapidly growing discontent amongst the rank and file is being exploited by the Communists and the minority movement, and it is bound to make itself felt in the near future. So much for the Party which apparently contains the germs of its own destruction.

The Socialist Government has been acclaimed in the Labour Press as a "Cabinet of All the Talents," "A Cabinet of National Reconstruction," and "Labour's Brilliant Team of New Ministers."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's second Cabinet [says the *Daily Herald* exultantly, June 8] will inspire widespread public confidence. Its calibre, its balance, and its workmanlike appearance are alike a credit to the hand that shaped it and the movement which could provide such first-class material. Compare it [continues the article, more lyrically than truthfully] with the last Cabinet, and the clear-cut difference between the Tory and Labour conceptions of government leaps to the eye. . . . In the hands of the Tory Party, government is purely the preserve of one class—and that class the rich.

Labour, on the other hand, is a truly national party. A cursory glance at the list of Cabinet appointments establishes that, beyond a peradventure. Here are the representatives of the great trade unions, representatives of ironfounders, of railwaymen, of miners, of cotton workers, of compositors—of those who have graduated in the hard school of working-class life and experience. . . And not only are there spokesmen of the great trade unions, there are trained and competent economists, men whose knowledge of finance is incomparable, co-operative leaders, municipal administrators, great lawyers, soldiers, and journalists—men from the universities and professions, standing side by side with their colleagues from the workshop and the factory in a great national endeavour to lift their country to a higher and more prosperous level. At home [concludes the writer of the article] the workers in town and country cry out for redress of long-standing and pressing grievances. They want houses, more generous health provisions, fair treatment when unemployed, better education for their children, more jobs and fewer hours of labour when they are in work, and a chance to lead a decent, self-respecting life. In their millions they have voted for Labour candidates. To all of these the accession of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues to office is the dawn of hope at last. Labour will not disappoint them.

Beautiful words, no doubt; but what are the facts? Of all the posts in the Cabinet six are held by trade union officials: Mr. Arthur Henderson (Foundry Workers), Mr. J. H. Thomas (National Union of Railwaymen), Mr. J. R. Clynes and Miss Margaret Bondfield (General and Municipal Workers), Mr. Tom Shaw (Cotton Operatives), and Mr. W. Adamson (Miners). Since all six have been away from the workshop for at least twenty years, it is surely straining the truth to refer to them as "colleagues from the workshop and factory"! Indeed, they have no more right to the claim that they represent the members of the union to which they happen to belong than had their predecessors. They were elected to Parliament by their respective constituencies, not by their union membership.

The picture of "great lawyers, soldiers, and journalists —men from the universities and the professions standing side by side with their colleagues from the workshop and the factory" is alluring; but there is every reason to believe that the greatest task confronting the Socialist Premier is that of preserving the integrity of his Government. Those men with long service in the Labour movement who have been unceremoniously relegated to the minor posts are not likely to work in complete harmony with some of the ex-Liberals and Tories and wealthy dilettanti who, with much less service to their credit, have been chosen for the higher positions.

No criticism of the Socialist Government would be complete without some reference to the appointment of the Law Officers. The selection of Lord Justice Sankey for the Woolsack caused no surprise among trade unionists. His work on the Coal Commission and his known sympathies with Labour makes the appointment popular. But the appointment of Sir W. A. Jowitt, K.C., who was returned for Preston at the General Election as a Liberal, to the Attorney-Generalship—which everyone expected to go to Sir H. H. Slesser—caused great surprise and resentment, not only in Labour circles, but also amongst M.P.s of all parties. One cannot do better than quote the *Daily News* leading article of June 8:

[In the history of recent British politics there has been no case quite parallel to that of Mr. Jowitt. Any man may change his party upon

reflection without forfeiting the respect of his fellows. As all things are relative, it is even possible for a man to observe a measure of decency and at least apparent self-respect in the always delicate operation of selling his political soul. But we never knew anyone perform this operation with quite so suave an unction as the late Liberal Member for Preston. He seems instantly to have got into touch with the leader of the Labour Party, for by June 5—five days later—he had had time to "have a talk *as suggested*, with Mr. Henderson"; to have received the offer from Mr. MacDonald "to enrol under your banner," and to sit down and formally abandon the political party to support which he had been elected five days before as a Member of Parliament.

A man who deserts his union when its fortunes are at a low ebb is called a "rat," and he is despised by all trade unionists—who will appreciate Mr. Lloyd George's caustic reference to Mr. Jowitt's defection:

I shall make no comment on it or on the unparalleled circumstances under which it took place. I leave them to the universal nausea felt and expressed in every circle.

Another extremely unpopular appointment is that of Mr. Craigie M. Aitchison, K.C., to the post of Scottish Lord-Advocate. In 1923 Mr. Aitchison contested Stirling and Clackmannan as a Liberal, and he came within 449 votes of wresting the seat from Mr. L. Macneill Weir, M.P., now Mr. MacDonald's Parliamentary Private Secretary. During the contest he referred to the blasphemous teachings of the Socialist Sunday schools and the proletarian schools, of which Mr. Weir is, in common with all I.L.P. members, a supporter. Mr. Aitchison frankly declared that the Labour Party was nothing but a Socialist Party under the control of a gang of extremists whose avowed object was to smash the Empire. It is inconceivable that Mr. Weir and his I.L.P. colleagues will develop an overweening fondness for the new Scottish Lord-Advocate, nor is it easy to imagine the "team spirit," which is so necessary for successful administration, being very pronounced in a Government containing so many warring elements.

It is many years since Mr. John Burns, then as "red" as any present-day Socialist M.P., endeavoured to ridicule wearers of Court dress by referring to them as "gilded popinjays." But he lived to eat his words. As President of the Local Government Board in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Administration (1906) he

appeared at Court resplendent in full regalia. His Socialist opponent at the 1910 election issued, I remember, a huge poster caricature of "Honest John of Battersea" in Court dress, which was entitled, "The Gilded Popinjay."

I dare swear that more than one of the new Socialist Ministers have, on many occasions, used John Burns's famous phrase both on the platform and in their Socialist organs. Times out of number they have attempted to ridicule the traditional splendour of the ceremonials and rites attendant upon Court functions and the opening of Parliament. Did not Mr. David Kirkwood, M.P., create something of a scene in the House of Lords when he first witnessed the opening of Parliament? But, like John Burns, they have lived to eat their words. They wore top hats and morning coats—some for the first time—when they gaily went to Windsor to be sworn in as Privy Councillors, to receive their seals of office, and to kiss the King's hand. How many of them, I wonder, will resist the temptation of an invitation to attend a Court function because of their dislike for Court dress? But the question of clothes does not matter, except that it serves to show that the glamour—and the fruits—of office will make the "leftest" of rebels eat his words. What does matter is the question: Will Mr. MacDonald be able to preserve the integrity of his Government, and will he be able to fulfil his election pledges?

Flushed with victory on the morrow of the election, Mr. MacDonald said:—

> If I can prevent it, there shall be no disturbance of the country by an election within two years. I am so much concerned for the quiet development of industry, the peaceful mind, and confidence both at home and abroad, that I will use every ounce of influence I have to prevent an election during the period. I think the Parliament ought to last even longer. That statement must not be taken by either of the other parties to mean that we are going to submit to any unfairness. I wish to make it clear that I am going to stand no "monkeying." It will rest with the other two parties, and not with us, whether there is to be an election sooner than in two years.

It is quite certain that neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives want a general election within two years; they are equally concerned for the quiet development of

industry, the peaceful mind, and confidence at home and abroad, and they also think that the best interests of the nation will be served if the new Parliament lasts even longer—which must not be taken by the Socialist Government to mean that Liberals or Conservatives will stand any "monkeying" in the shape of Socialist legislation. If the programme outlined in the King's Speech is a real indication of the lines on which Mr. MacDonald intends to travel, then there is no reason why his administration should not run its full term of office. Indeed, the King's Speech seems to have been carefully framed for the specific purpose of placating the other parties, and, with the possible exception of the reference to the amendment of the Trades Disputes and Trade Union Act, it might easily have been drafted by either a Liberal or Tory Government. It may well be that Mr. Lloyd George was right when he said:—

> It will be an interesting Parliament, but there will be no more edifying spectacle than that of a Socialist Government engaged in strengthening and perpetuating the economic system their party is pledged to destroy, and fortifying that system in the most effective way by carrying through a series of reforms that will remove the evils of that system.

But is Mr. MacDonald master in his own household?

At a recent conference between the engineering employers and trade unions, Sir Allan Smith, Chairman of the Employers' Federation, replying to the unions' request for an advance in wages of 8s. a week, said:—

> Our experience in the past has very frequently been that the weakness of a Minister connotes the strength of the bureaucrats. If your Ministers under the new Cabinet are able, by reason of their conviction of the justice of the policy that they desire to see followed, to overcome the tendencies in certain regards—and remember that we are not living in early Victorian years and that we have progressed somewhat in ideas and knowledge—then I think it may be that we shall hope for a more satisfactory regime than we have had for a number of years.
>
> While I say that, you must always remember that we cannot ignore what these Ministers have been saying in their sublunar moments. I am concerned with what your die-hard party—because you are going to have one — are going to seek to compel your Ministers to do.

The only error Sir Allan made was in saying "because you are going to have one"—the die-hard party is already at work. Indeed, it can be said to have started when the National Administrative Council of the

Independent Labour Party, at its meeting held immediately after the election and presided over by Mr. James Maxton, M.P., adopted a resolution congratulating Mr. MacDonald upon his accession to the Premiership, and stated that "the Labour Government has a great opportunity to begin the tremendous task of reorganizing society on Socialist lines, and in that work it is assured of the loyal and whole-hearted support of the I.L.P." Speaking at a meeting on the eve of the election, Mr. A. J. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, declared that a written pledge had been given by Mr. MacDonald that in the first session of a Labour Government the Miners' Eight Hours Act would be repealed. It is rather a significant fact that Mr. A. J. Cook has recently rejoined the I.L.P.

In June of last year, Mr. Maxton and Mr. Cook, who was then a pronounced Communist, began a "Socialism in Our Time" campaign by issuing a manifesto in which they said that :—

> for some time a number of us have been seriously disturbed as to where the British Labour Party is being led. We believe that its basic principles are : (1) An increasing war against poverty and working-class servitude. This means an unceasing war against capitalism. (2) That only by their own efforts can the workers obtain the full product of their labour. . . . As Socialists, we feel we cannot represent the views of capitalism. Socialism and Capitalism can have nothing in common.

The manifesto created a sensation at the time and caused something more than a flutter in the dovecotes of the Labour Party, but the National Administrative Council of the I.L.P., at a special meeting called "to consider the situation created by the issuing of the manifesto signed by Mr. James Maxton, M.P., and Mr. A. J. Cook," not only expressed its agreement with the spirit and intention of the manifesto, but also decided to encourage its branches and members to co-operate in this attempt to secure a strong Socialist programme. Several conferences were held throughout the country, but these ceased when the Parliamentary Labour Party took disciplinary action against Mr. Maxton, and the Miners' Federation against Mr. Cook, with the result that the manifesto was tardily withdrawn. There is every reason to believe, however, that the propaganda

has been continued within the membership of the I.L.P., and it is no doubt for the purpose of strengthening this propaganda that Mr. Cook has returned to that Party.

It is a remarkable fact that of the fifty-five direct nominees of the I.L.P. who stood as Labour candidates at the election, no fewer than thirty-seven were elected, including nine of the fifteen members of the National Administrative Council, and that, according to a report issued by the Party, more than two hundred of the two hundred and eighty-eight Labour M.P.s are members of the I.L.P.

This is what Mr. Maxton calls the "Fourth Party," and it may eventually happen that what has been generally regarded as Mr. MacDonald's courage in excluding all "Diehards" from his Cabinet will prove to be his downfall. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Maxton and his followers will not remain silent witnesses of the "edifying spectacle" already mentioned, neither will they permit Mr. MacDonald conveniently to forget his election pledges and those contained in "Labour and the Nation." For instance, Mr. R. C. Wallhead, M.P., speaking at Merthyr (June 29), said that, whilst expecting a lot from the present Government, he hoped there would be critics of their own party, and he frankly added that he was on the side of Mr. Maxton. He (Mr. Wallhead) was not going to subscribe to the idea that the Labour Party lacked power, but he would rather continue to fight for power than see the Labour Party continue in office unable to carry out more than would be allowed by the Liberal Party under the control of Mr. Lloyd George. That is an indication of the policy of the "Diehards." They will endeavour to compel the Government to nationalize the banks, the mines and other industries; to legalize the minimum wage and family allowances (of which the I.L.P. are sponsors), and to increase benefits under the Unemployed Insurance Act. In short, nothing but the full Socialist programme will satisfy them and, since they appear to care little about the quiet development of industry, peace of mind, and national confidence, they may go to any lengths to secure their objective, even to the extent of endangering their own Government.

Already there are expressions of resentment against the King's Speech. "As I read it," said Mr. Maxton, "I was not enthusiastic; but, of course, the Government may mean more by some of its general statements than one assumes." Mr. Wallhead thinks the reference to Russia extremely vague. Mr. Mardy Jones declares that the reference to the mining industry may mean anything. The hours' question is the crucial issue, and the miners will not be satisfied until the seven hours' day is restored; whilst Mr. W. T. Cove is bitterly disappointed that the Speech contains no reference to the raising of the school age, and a deputation is forthwith appointed to see Sir Charles Trevelyan, Minister for Education, about it. Evidently Mr. Maxton's "Fourth Party" will be a thorn in the side of the Government.

The attitude of Russia is worthy of note. For a full week after the election all the Russian papers (with the exception of *Isvestia*, the official Soviet organ, which refrained from publishing any caricatures or harsh criticisms) were full of abusive caricatures of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues, portraying them as the "henchmen of capitalism." All this has been discontinued by order of the Russian Foreign Office. Incidentally, the British Communist organs have also considerably modified their abuse of the Socialist Ministers, which seems to indicate that they also have received orders from Moscow. Why this sudden change in tactics? There is only one possible explanation—the Communists are holding their hand until diplomatic relations with Russia have been re-established, after which we may look for an intensive Communist campaign throughout the country, directed against the Socialist Government. So, what with the "Diehards" in his own party and the Communists, Mr. MacDonald will need all his wits and ingenuity if his Government is to last longer than two years.

However long it does last, it is certain that, as a result, we shall have travelled a long way on the road to the bureaucratic State. We are promised several commissions to inquire into coal, cotton, iron, steel, engineering; into the liquor trade, and into electoral law. There is to be more factory legislation and, no doubt, more officials

will be required when the Widows' and Orphans' Pension Scheme and the Unemployment Insurance Act are amended, while it is certain that additional staff will be needed to administer the promised unemployment scheme. Socialism cannot exist without bureaucracy!

How will trade unionists benefit under the Socialist regime? Not at all, so far as one can see! But, it will be claimed, the unrestricted right of trade unionists to strike and to pay the political levy will be restored. Yet the unions have managed very well since 1927, when the Trades Disputes and Trade Unions Act was placed on the Statute Book. Certainly the funds of the Labour Party suffered badly—and that is their only reason for amending the Act—but otherwise the unions have been going along as they did before it became law. Trade unionists do not want to strike; they want improvement in trade and more work! As for the political levy, trade unionists are quite free to pay it if they wish to, and that so few have voluntarily contracted in is sufficient testimony to the fact that the mass of the rank and file do not believe in the unions being appendages to a political party.

It ill becomes the Socialist Government to gibe at other parties for the methods used in collecting their funds when they, the Socialist Government, intend to introduce legislation to facilitate the collection of levies from trade unionists, many of whom do not subscribe to the Socialist programme, in order to enrich their own Party exchequer!

Have I been pursuing a will o' the wisp for the past thirty years?

The Law and the Executive

By Wm. Marshall Freeman

THE new Lord Chancellor, in his first public speech delivered at the annual banquet to His Majesty's judges at the Mansion House, made a notable pronouncement in referring to the "growing tendency" which "had caused some anxiety not only in the public mind, but among trained lawyers" to transfer decisions on points of law or fact from the law courts to the Minister of some Government Department. The noble and learned lord then went on to refer to "another matter to which public attention should be called—the authority conferred upon a Minister to implement Acts of Parliament by regulation."

Now, although the Lord Chancellor specifically avoided expressing any definite views upon either of these points, the fact of his mentioning them was sufficient to show how real is the necessity that both should have the fullest public discussion. So far the British public has heard next to nothing about what is going on. Deep waters run stillest. The froth of modern platform oratory, and the inconstant bubbling of our poisonously-aerated daily Press tend more and more to hypnotize public opinion—if not to devitalize all power of forming any constant opinion at all in the great mass of our people.

> For the sake of that which is supposed to be the public good . . . it is thought fit to take away from private individuals that which is undoubtedly their own absolute property; and that, too, at a price which is to be fixed by authority (if need be) without any voice of their own. Whoever considers the effect of this must see the consequences which frequently do happen to individuals; property to which they have attached their whole fortunes and interests may be taken from them by an absolute exercise of imperial power, and their whole circumstances and situation in life may be entirely altered for a sum of money to be fixed by somebody else.

So said Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, in the case of *Gray* v. *Liverpool and Bury Railway Company* tried in 1846. Those were the days when property was being freely acquired by railway companies and the Lands Clauses Act of 1845 had consolidated the law relating to compulsory purchase, hedging it round with reasonable safeguards to prevent injustice and to conserve as far as possible the rights of private individuals. Subsequent legislation, following the same lines, has also had regard to the reasonable rights of private individuals; but since the advent of the Addisonian era (*circa* 1918) and the

passing of the Acquisition of Land (Assessment of Compensation) Act 1919, it would seem that the private property owner and his rights are no longer deserving of the same consideration where the local authority is the purchaser; and the history of legislation by Provisional Order during the last few years shows, better than anything else could show, the extent to which Parliament has quietly abandoned the power of protecting the individual citizen and has handed over to official bureaucracy the right even to override the Statutes of the Realm at its will and pleasure.

The length to which bureaucracy had succeeded in forcing its way onward up to the time when the Conservative Administration took office at the end of 1924 was considerable; but in comparison with the forced marches it has since made, the progress up to that time was a very slow crawl. Facts are eloquent—they speak for themselves.

On April 29, 1927, the Divisional Court of King's Bench, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice of England and two other High Court Judges, had to determine a legal question arising under the Rating and Valuation Act 1925—one of the first big Acts passed by that "Anti-Socialist" Administration. The point to be decided was whether a certain scheme submitted by a Rural District Council for approval to the Minister of Health was in accordance with the provisions of the Act. The Court decided that it was; but in giving judgment the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Hewart) made the following observations:—

> I should like to add that there is a very remarkable provision in this statute which may interest those persons, if there are any, who observe the progress of departmental authority. Section 67, sub-sec. 1, provides: "If any difficulty arises in connection with the application of this Act to any exceptional area, or the preparation of the first valuation list for any area"—these are words of remarkable comprehensiveness—"or otherwise in bringing into operation any of the provisions of this Act," the Minister of Health may do a series of remarkable things. He "*may by Order remove the difficulty.*" The imagination fails to contemplate at one view the extent and variety of the power which is given to the Minister under those words. "He may by order remove the difficulty." He may cut the Gordian knot in any way that seems best to him. He may "declare any assessment committee to be duly constituted"; he may "make any appointment or do any other thing, which appears to him necessary or expedient for securing the due preparation of the list or for bringing the said

provisions into operation." The Legislature, not content with arming the Minister with these remarkable and varied and far-reaching powers, goes on to provide that "any such Order may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the Minister necessary or expedient." For what purpose? For carrying the Act into effect? Not at all—"for carrying *the Order* into effect." This, I think, though I say it with some hesitation, may be regarded as indicating the high-water mark of legislative provisions of this character. It is obvious that if this Court had taken another view of the case presented to us today, and had decided to quash this Order as having been made *ultra vires*, the Minister might tomorrow, under the provisions of s. 67, have arrived at the same end by making an Order and removing the difficulty.

Only upon the rarest possible occasions, and then merely to draw attention pointedly to some serious departure from constitutional usage, will any of the King's Judges make comments of such a character as the foregoing. It would be difficult to find an occasion upon which there was more real and urgent necessity for these comments to be made in the public interest. Unfortunately the Legislature does not seem to have profited in the least by the warning then given. On the contrary, signs have become more and more apparent that Parliament is prepared to delegate to officials in Whitehall unlimited powers of varying the Statutes of the Realm just as and when any section of an Act of Parliament is found to stand in the way of something a particular Government Department is desirous of doing. We hear a great deal about the responsibility of Cabinet Ministers. There is ample reason now for the assertion that the average modern Cabinet Minister is more afraid of the officials of his own Department than he is of the House of Commons. These officials would appear not only to inspire proposals for the Minister to place before Parliament in pursuing any line of policy, but to furnish the ammunition by which he can repel all criticism. This explains why no special qualities are now needed in a Cabinet Minister except a cheerful complaisant temperament and a sense of humour that will assist him in making questioners in the House of Commons look foolish.

The most unhappy feature of this business is that all political parties seem to be alike in their anxiety to let Whitehall officials govern the nation. It has been generally supposed that the Conservative Party stands for the preservation of individual liberty and for the due protection of all rights of property. How far the supposition is

correct may be judged from what follows. The late Government began its "social reform" programme by passing the Town Planning Act 1925. That Act contains several remarkable provisions.

One, tucked away in the First Schedule, gives uncontrolled authority to the Minister of Health to allow any local authority to carry out a town-planning scheme "with the necessary *modifications and adaptations of statutory enactments*." Now, the expression "statutory enactments" is merely the bureaucrat's way of saying "Acts of Parliament." Supposing, when the Town Planning Act of 1925 was before Parliament, these words in the First Schedule had read "with the necessary modifications and adaptations of existing or future Acts of Parliament," one wonders whether or not it would have occurred to some super-courageous M.P. to object to power being given to a Minister to *modify* existing or future Acts of Parliament—for that is what this innocent clause tucked away in a schedule with eighteen other clauses effects. So the Minister of Health may, without consulting Parliament, alter the provisions of any Act of Parliament, existing or future, for purposes of town-planning. Ministers come and Ministers go; and each may override the law of the land, if need be, to give effect to his own peculiar policy in that regard.

But, still keeping to town planning as affording a good example of how this silent revolution is proceeding, it may be pointed out that although what is known as "town planning" is popularly understood to mean the laying out of new districts ripe for development, quite a new interpretation is being put upon the term by local authorities, with the connivance of Whitehall. The original intention was to give power to local authorities to supervise and control the development of new areas. The first Town Planning Act was passed in 1909. Ten years later this was supplemented by another Act imposing on local authorities the *duty* of "preparing housing schemes." On March 29, 1921, the Ministry of Health issued an Order making regulations for the preparation and submission of these schemes by local authorities. A circular letter issued by the Ministry at that date sets out clearly what was then in mind :—

> The importance of providing for the systematic development of areas cannot be too highly estimated. Now less than ever can we

afford the waste which has been the result of the haphazard growth of towns in the past; and, therefore, in conformity with the measures which are now being taken for economy, wise action is necessary as regards town planning. For industry, even more than for housing, the gains of proper town planning are great, by locating factories, workshops, and businesses in the places best adapted for them and by providing betimes for proper roads, and other communications, and thus avoiding the later necessity of costly street improvements . . . Local authorities should, at the outset at least, make their town-planning schemes as simple as possible, concentrating on the two essentials—settling the principal lines of communication, and allocating areas for the purposes for which they are best suited (zoning), whether industrial, business, residential, or as open spaces; this procedure will make for economy and for efficiency.

"Economy and efficiency" sounds very attractive. But when the British taxpayer and ratepayer begin to realise that these very "economic and efficient" proposals are to be applied to the wholesale pulling down and rebuilding *not by private enterprise but by local authorities at the public expense* of big central areas of towns already in existence, some expression of surprise may be heard. For that is what is actually taking place.

Town corporations, with the active approval and commendation of the Ministry of Health, are busily engaged just now in securing extensions of their local governing powers by promoting new local Acts. The ingenious device has been hit upon of getting a new "local powers" Act through for all sorts of miscellaneous purposes. One part of this new Act will authorize them in their particular town to extend the application of the Town Planning Act 1925 *to land already built upon*. Having secured this additional power, the local corporation is then in a position to submit to the Ministry of Health a scheme of "town planning" which to all intents and purposes may involve the rebuilding of its own town at the cost of the ratepayers.

But that is not all. In this new "local powers" Act will be found an innocent-looking section—not mixed up with the town-planning provisions at all, but in an entirely different part of the measure (probably under "Miscellaneous") — which enables the promoting corporation to erect shops, warehouses, etc., on any land they may have acquired for some particular purpose, but which they find they do not require for that particular purpose. It must be borne in mind that corporations and other local authorities have power under

various statutes to acquire land for different purposes, such as schools, cemeteries, allotments, etc. etc., but Parliament has invariably laid down in these statutes that surplus land so acquired for such specific purposes is either to be sold, and the proceeds used towards discharging the cost of the land, or else is to be retained and applied to some other particular use. In future the "surplus" lands may be used for town-planning purposes, and as there is also no limit to the land a corporation may acquire specifically for town planning, it is obvious that a corporation can buy up compulsorily any portion or even the whole of its own area: acquire, pull down, rebuild, and re-let the shops. "Socialism in our time" was, indeed, made a reality under a Conservative Government! These local Acts were actually passed by *committees of the House of Commons nominated by the Government that has recently gone out of office.*

What has been said above as to "local powers" Acts might be emphasized in regard to what are termed "*Provisional*" Orders. These are Orders made by a Minister, but require to be approved by Parliament before they become effective. The Corporation of Bradford recently desired to obtain a Provisional Order authorizing them to do as they liked with land acquired for purposes within the Public Health Act 1875. There was (as is necessary) a local inquiry. Here is an extract from the Press report of the discussion at that inquiry, which was held by an inspector of the Ministry of Health. Counsel for objecting ratepayers raised the point of the legal power of the Minister to make such an order:

The Inspector: "Why not attack the system and leave the Minister alone? Parliament has power to chuck the Order out and I don't think you should blame the Minister for *trying it on.*"

Counsel: "That is exactly what I say is the attitude of the Minister. The Order may have to do with fire-insurance, or the erection of shops—things which are not in the Public Health Act at all. The Minister ought not to proceed beyond the powers conferred by the Act, and I venture to think that Parliament will be very jealous of its powers."

Parliament would, indeed, be jealous if members could be got to realize what is going on, and had then the courage to expose it!

There was a grim touch of humour about a pamphlet issued by the Conservative Central Office during the recent election. It was addressed to "Shopkeepers and

Traders." It depicted the ratepayer being ground between the upper millstone of "Municipal Trading" and the lower millstone of "Higher Rates." The reader was implored not to let the Socialists grind him out of existence. He was warned that "local authorities using money they obtain from you in rates would engage in trade in competition with you, and perhaps drive you out of business." He was told that "when municipal shops incurred losses, you would have to pay for them. Your rates would go up. In other words, you would be expected to finance your competitors." To prevent this, and protect his livelihood, he was urged to "vote Conservative."

Despite the vague impression that prevails to the contrary, there is good reason for the belief that the present Labour Government have no intention of adding to the number or powers of our bureaucrats. Why should they? It was Liberalism, between 1906 and 1910, that laid the foundations of present-day bureaucracy; and it was Mr. Lloyd George, assisted by Mr. Winston Churchill, who multiplied the race exceedingly under the Coalition. Unfortunately the late Government did nothing either to diminish or control the evil.

Since this article was written the Leeds Corporation (Provisional Order) Bill, passed by a Committee of the House of Commons last session, has been before a Select Committee of the Lords presided over by Lord Atkin, one of the most distinguished jurists of the day. The Provisional Order which the Bill was intended to authorize had been made by the Minister of Health and purported to authorize the Corporation of Leeds to do precisely what I have said in regard to "surplus" land. The Select Committee declined to approve the Bill, the Chairman saying that even if (as had been disputed) the Minister of Health had the legal right to confer this authority by Provisional Order, he ought not to do so, but should leave it to the Corporation desiring such powers to obtain them by promoting a Bill in Parliament. A full report of the proceedings before the Select Committee appeared in the *Justice of the Peace* of July 20, and provides entertaining reading. It is absolutely the first example of "chucking out" an Order—in the elegant language of the before-mentioned Inspector of the Ministry of Health!

The Cult of Sun Yat-sen

By J. O. P. Bland

THE burial, with Imperial pomp and circumstance, of Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese Republic, and the legend of his political wisdom and virtue which his followers have created since his death, are phenomena which deserve something more than cursory notice. Both present features of unusual interest, not only for the student of modern politics but for every observer of the human comedy; both illustrate and emphasize in a remarkable degree the truth that the real causes and significance of political events in the Orient lie deep beneath the surface on which the publicists expatiate. The Occidental world of diplomacy and politics, with little leisure or incentive to look beneath that surface, has generally accepted Sun, and the posthumous legend of the " Three Principles," at the face value placed upon them by the propagandists of the Kuo-min-tang and by the inner clique of Sun's relatives, familiarly known in Chinese political circles as " the Soong dynasty." This, in the present condition of international politics, is only natural. The white races have problems enough of their own, without taking on their shoulders those of the Orient or attempting to convince their yellow brethren with how little wisdom they are at present governed. Nevertheless, granting that the presence, and the curiously undignified proceedings, of the Corps Diplomatique at the spectacular funeral of Young China's national hero and law-giver were an inevitable consequence of accomplished facts, it is still pertinent to consider what may be the effect upon China as a nation, if (as his followers declare) Sun Yat-sen's social and political philosophy has definitely replaced that of Confucius and the ancient sages, and become " the political Bible of modern China." If a careful survey of the Cantonese leader's career and writings convinces the impartial observer that there is nothing in either to justify the sacrosanct position claimed for him by the Kuo-min-tang politicians, and very little (except the appeal to racial pride) that can be apprehended by the Chinese people, it may reasonably be concluded that his personal apotheosis and the importance ascribed to his " Three Principles " are transient political phenomena, deliberately created for their own ends by

the Westernized section of the modern mandarinate in the struggle for power and wealth which has brought China to the verge of ruin. In that case, Sun's name and fame, not to mention his Napoleonic tomb, will, in due time, be forgotten with the Kuo-min-tang and "the Soong dynasty," to whose organized propaganda his apotheosis is chiefly due. In the elaborate machinery which they have devised for bringing and keeping his name before the public at home and abroad; in the semi-sanctity ascribed to his last Will and Testament (of very doubtful authenticity); and in the continual invocation of his political programme—the leaders of the Kuo-min-tang have adroitly exploited the nation's instinctive need of some object of veneration, some rallying point, to take the place of the Dragon Throne and the Confucian sages. To conform to Chinese ideas of what is expected of rulers, they must discover and invoke some moral authority higher than their own. Moreover, it is worthy of note that in claiming this moral authority for a "political Bible"—which is wholly unintelligible to the masses and inexplicable by its commentators—they are observing the continuity of mandarin tradition. For Sun Yat-sen's "Three Principles," as a guide to political wisdom and morality, has this in common with the Book of Changes, venerated for centuries by every Chinese scholar, including Confucius, that none has ever fathomed its meaning and everyone is, therefore, entitled to interpret it as he chooses. Those who doubt this assertion can easily put the matter to the test by asking any Chinese scholar or diplomat of his acquaintance (or the bright young mandarins who continually mislead public opinion in this country, by kind permission of the B.B.C.) to give a lucid summary of Sun's political doctrine on any one of the "Three Principles." He will find the subject politely but firmly evaded.

Before dealing briefly with the actual and prospective value of the "Three Principles" as a light to guide the feet of the Chinese from medievalism to modern civilization, let us endeavour to form an estimate of their author's mentality and motives from a brief survey of his career. Sun Yat-sen was born in 1866, one of several sons of a poor peasant farming a few acres in the Heung

Shan district of Kuangtung. The family was relieved of the most acute form of poverty by the aid of the eldest son, who had emigrated to Honolulu and there prospered. In 1879 Sun Yat-sen followed him, and for the next five years, with his brother's help, went to school in Hawaii. Returning to China, he entered the Canton Medical School, and from there went, in 1887, to the Hong-Kong Medical College. He took his degree in 1892 and practised for a brief period at Macao. But medical science was never more than a half-way house for him. In his early youth his mind had been directed into political and revolutionary channels by an uncle, who had fought with the Taiping rebels to overthrow the Manchus and to replace them by the Cantonese dynasty of the "Heavenly Prince," and who had inspired him with the ambition to become the instigator and leader of a new rebellion. It is usual with present-day Chinese writers to describe Sun as an ardent Republican from the outset of his political career, to let it be thought that when he founded the "Association for the Regeneration of China" in 1894, the "Three Principles" were already taking shape in his mind, and that their idea of Chinese nationalism was his clearly-defined objective. They overlook the fact that, as a youth, under the inspiration of the uncle aforesaid, he had joined a secret Society whose emblem was "the white sun in a blue sky," pledged to the restoration of the Ming dynasty. (This emblem, the "brightness" of the Mings, is conspicuously displayed on the decoration of his tomb.) As a matter of history, neither Sun himself nor any of the Cantonese reformers up to 1911 had ever expressed the intention of replacing the Manchus by a Republic until, as the result of a chapter of accidents, the idea suddenly took form and substance. Until the abdication of the Regent (December 6, 1911), the activities of the "Young China" Intellectuals had all been directed towards acceleration of the constitutional reform movement and the convening of a National Parliament under the Monarchy. Sun Yat-sen, perceiving that the Republican idea appealed to the Cantonese communities overseas and to an influential section of disaffected mandarins of the old regime, discovered, in the leadership of this movement, opportunities more

attractive than anything which he could hope to attain by the restoration of the Ming dynasty. After the proclamation of the Republic, however, his conscience troubled him, a fact of which he gave evidence, three days after the abdication of the Manchus, by making obeisance and expiatory offerings before the ancestral tablet of Hungwu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, and by a solemn oration intended to placate the spirits of the Ming Emperors.

Until his triumphal appearance upon the scene as Provisional President of the new-born Republic, at the end of 1911, Sun Yat-sen's romantic career as a political conspirator abroad had earned for him amongst foreigners in the Far East the reputation of an energetic and courageous rebel, patriotic according to his lights, and honest as China's world goes. His political opinions were manifestly naïve and unbalanced, but he appealed to the imagination by reason of his fervent faith in himself as the Heaven-sent Saviour of his country, by the very valour of his ignorance, and the undeniable effect of his personal magnetism on his followers. He believed in himself (as I wrote at the time) with the whole-souled and rapt belief of a child building sand castles. Most of those who came into contact with him before his rise to power and fame were inclined to believe in the sincerity of his reforming ideas and to hope that in him Young China had at last found a leader who would set them the sorely-needed example of disinterested devotion to the public service, and thus raise the standard of mandarin morality. One was prepared to overlook his emotional rhetoric, his love of body-guards, ceremonies and theatrical display, the boyish bombast of his words and deeds, in the hope that his leadership would introduce a new element of self-denying probity into Chinese politics. He had spent most of his life abroad, he had travelled and read much in countries where the amassing of wealth is not the be-all and end-all of an official career. His rise to power seemed, therefore, to many Europeans of good augury for the prospect of a new and better dispensation.

The hope eventually proved vain because, as Spencer says, every man, no matter how great, is necessarily a product of the antecedents of the society which gave him birth. " We are what suns and winds and waters

make us," and the ancestral *feng shui* of Kuangtung, which determined the character of Sun Yat-sen, were far too deep-rooted to be permanently modified by residence abroad, or Western learning. Sun was not unduly grasping or avaricious, as the East understands these words; he was ever more engrossed in his political ambitions than in his private affairs; but, for all that, he possessed his full share of the acute business instinct which distinguishes the Cantonese, and never failed, after his most fervent orations, to take up a collection for the good cause. His expediency was extremely supple. When the occasion required it, he did not hesitate (as in 1911) to seek financial assistance and military advisers from Japan, though in later years he denounced, with patriotic indignation, those of his opponents who had done the same thing. After his resignation of the Presidency, in favour of his monarchical opponent, Yuan Shih-k'ai, he was even prepared, until prevented by his southern colleagues, to accept a highly-paid post under the Dictator at Peking.

We need not labour the point. Suffice it to say that in the case of Sun Yat-sen, as in that of every party leader in China since 1911, politics proved a very lucrative profession. It certainly enabled him to attain the object instinctively pursued by every son of Han, which is to place his own family beyond the menace of poverty. According to common report in China, his son, Sun Fo, now Minister of Railways at Nanking, and previously Mayor of Canton, is one of the richest of China's modern millionaires, while the position of ascendancy achieved by his family and relations by marriage, as the governing centre of the Kuo-min-tang, might almost be described as dynastic.

A word, *en passant*, concerning this " Soong dynasty," its romantic origins and remarkable evolution. When Sun Yat-sen was living in the French Concession at Shanghai in 1913, after the proscription of the Kuo-min-tang by Yuan Shih-k'ai, he was befriended, and on several occasions financed, by a Shanghai merchant named Soong, a man of considerable wealth and progressive ideas. Sun Yat-sen, although married and, at certain periods of his career, a professed Christian, became attached to one (Chinese reports said two), of

Soong's daughters. He eventually married the second, thus testifying once again to the fact that a Western education is powerless to modify certain atavistic tendencies of the Orient. (For this reversion to ancestral type he was expelled from the Congregational Church at Hong-Kong.)

Soong's three daughters, be it observed, are typical and interesting specimens of the most emancipated Intellectuals of Young China. Educated in America, highly intelligent and ambitious, they have played no small part in the inner history of the Kuo-min-tang. The eldest and most brilliant personality of the three is the wife of Dr. E. H. Kung, Minister of Commerce and Industry. The second, Sun Yat-sen's widow, one of the irreconcilable leaders of the left wing, has for some time been ostensibly in exile at Moscow; but, as her imposing reappearance at the funeral showed, she is still a force to be reckoned with in the party, and a member of the Central Executive Committee. May Ling, youngest of the three, is the wife of General Chiang Kai-shek; she is also President of the State Council, and by all accounts a power behind the Presidential Throne. (It is interesting to note that General Chiang followed his illustrious leader's example by superseding wife No. 1 in favour of Miss Soong.) Mr. T. V. Soong, their elder brother, holds office as Minister of Finance; a younger one is Director of the Shanghai Land Office. It is difficult for any foreigner to obtain accurate information as to the scope and direction of the powerful influence exercised by this family on the innermost Councils of the Kuo-min-tang; it may safely be said, however, that if the effect of Western education on the emancipated women of Young China continues to produce the type of political activities displayed by the Soong sisters, the prospect of a good understanding between East and West is likely to be greatly diminished as their numbers increase.

To return to the apotheosis of Sun Yat-sen. The manner in which his famous manifesto of January 1924 and his political testament have been acclaimed as the Canonical books of modern China only becomes intelligible when we remember that they were deliberately planned and carried out by an intensive propaganda, with a view to conferring power upon the Westernized

section of Young China in general, and his own relatives in particular. The thing has been very skilfully done. Over the heads of the inarticulate masses, the "Three Principles" have been proclaimed as the inspired gospel, by virtue of which China is to recover her unfettered sovereignty and to achieve complete equality in the comity of nations. Its sponsors, politicians all, have made good use of the highly emotional quality which distinguishes the foreign-educated Chinese from the scholars of the old regime, and successfully appealed to political enthusiasms as swift-spreading and contagious as those of an American religious revival. With equal success they have appealed to the racial pride of the Cantonese communities overseas, eager to see their native province take the lead in raising Young China to a footing of equality with the Powers of the West. But it is safe to say that not one in a thousand of those who bow every week before Sun's portrait have studied his "Three Principles," and probably not one in ten thousand would even attempt to make sense of their arguments and conclusions. At first sight, one might, therefore, conclude that Sun Yat-sen-ism, as a substitute for Confucianism, must necessarily be short-lived, for the reason that you cannot fool all the people all the time. On the other hand, Sun is evidently to China, in certain respects, what Lenin is to Russia. In both cases the extreme passivity of the masses is such that they are generally prepared to take their national heroes on trust, and ready-made. One may, therefore, venture the opinion that the Sun legend will endure so long as the political elements which created it hold together. But it can never become a permanent national cult, for the reason that it conveys to the mind of the masses nothing which can inspire them with that respect for their rulers, based on understanding, which makes for permanence of authority. Also, because it violates all the instincts of a race which believes implicitly in the sanctity of "ollo custom" and distrusts alien innovations.

The "Three Principles" were originally compiled by Sun Yat-sen in the form of lectures, six devoted to the first Principle, six to the second, and four to the third. They were taken down in shorthand, as delivered, by Huang Ch'ang-ku, a Columbia graduate, at that time

Interpreter and Secretary to Comrade Borodin, later Mayor of Wuchang, and a leader of the Red Directorate to which the British Government surrendered the Concession at Hankow. His shorthand notes were subsequently written up under Borodin's supervision, and finally edited, not by Sun Yat-sen himself, but by Chou Lu, the ultra-red President of the Chung-Shan University of Canton. How much of the final text of China's political Bible is Sun's, and how much Borodin's, remains, therefore, matter for conjecture, but the moving finger of the Moscovite can be clearly discerned throughout. The text shows, moreover, that Sun, like Mrs. Eddy, borrowed his ideas freely from sources which he had never seriously studied. After the manner of orators, he preferred phrases to facts, *le mot sonore* to common sense. I do not propose to weary the reader with any lengthy exposition of the childish absurdities, the false premises, and fantastic conclusions, the palpable self-contradictions and inconsistencies, with which the work abounds. As a whole, it may fairly be described as a crude patchwork in which a fantasia on contemporary Chinese politics is adapted to the doctrines of the Third International.

It would be difficult to determine which of the "Three Principles" reveals the most incoherence of argument or the least continuity of reasoning. The palm should, perhaps, be given to the third, in which the principles of Karl Marx are first denounced as utterly inapplicable to China and then complacently adopted. But for sheer absurdity, the economic arguments contained in the six lectures which enunciate the first Principle, that of national cohesion, must be read to be believed. They naturally suggest the conclusion that if, as the Kuo-min-tang leaders aver, this work interprets the mind of modern China, then indeed China is in a parlous state. One prefers, therefore, to believe that the cult of Sun Yat-sen is merely a manifestation of the Chinese mandarinate's adroitness in protective mimicry, and that in the secret depths of the minds of those who profess it, it really represents nothing more than an imposing but jerry-built façade, behind which the Chinese people may continue to pursue the changeless ways prescribed by immemorial tradition.

Autocratic Democracy in Greece

By S. P. P. Cosmetatos

In April 1924, when a Republic was proclaimed in Greece by a military clique, the people who were most taken by surprise were the Greeks themselves. The thought of a Republic had never occurred to any citizen of a country which already enjoyed universal suffrage, and had actually suffered from a surfeit of parliamentarism. Moreover, for more than a thousand years, the Greeks had been reared in Royalist traditions. When Lord Byron went out a century ago to help the Greeks in their fight for independence, he was struck by the devotion of the people to the memory of their last King, Constantine XII, who had been slain in 1453 on the ramparts of Byzantium while defending the Empire which fell with him, and by their ardent longing for a Royal prince who might mount the throne to take up again the thread of the long and glorious epic of Byzantine history. This Royalist tradition, visionary but stimulating, has been the dominant inspiration of modern Greece ever since the Battle of Navarino.

The word "Republic" had never been even whispered in Greece before 1924, and suddenly Greece was declared a Republic. Let us see how this event was made possible. In 1922, on the morrow of the Greek reverse in Asia Minor, a group of officers, all political friends of M. Venizelos, of whom some had given way in face of the enemy, with Colonels Plastiras and Gonatas at their head, turned the confusion of the moment to account by marching upon Athens, proclaiming a suspension of the Constitution, and establishing a "military-revolutionary" Government. They professed to be animated only with a desire to serve their country by rescuing Eastern Thrace from the Turks, but, as the event proved, their real object was to bring back into power the Venizelist Party which had been beaten in the elections of 1920. They invited King Constantine to abdicate in

favour of his son, Prince George, on the pretext that he alone stood in the way of his country's return "into the bosom of the Entente." They declared that France, the staunch friend of the Venizelists, would be so much gratified that she would come to the aid of Greece with the sword. In their puerile ignorance of the relations actually existing between the Allied Powers they lost themselves in fantastic conjectures. They entrusted the foreign relations of the country to M. Venizelos, who lost no time in approaching M. Poincaré, on the eve of the Lausanne Conference, begging him to save Eastern Thrace from the Turks, only to meet with a blunt refusal. Thereupon the military clique ran riot at home.

Scarcely had the Lausanne Conference begun its work when this Venizelist military clique, in obedience to the inspiration of its chief, brought the political leaders who had been the Cretan's opponents before a military court constituted *ad hoc*, and this exceptional tribunal had them executed out of hand. It should be noted that many of the officers of this court were principally responsible for the breaking of the Greek front as they had refused to fight the enemy.

The well-known Paris paper, *L'Homme Libre*, of April 23, 1925, revealed the text of a secret telegram sent by M. N. Politis, the Greek Foreign Minister in 1922, to M. Venizelos, who was then at the Lausanne Conference, in which, before the trial was over, M. Politis insisted on the execution of the political opponents of Venizelism, in order "to strengthen the *prestige* of the military revolution!" This astounding document has never been repudiated by M. Politis, although in April 1925 he was Greek Minister in Paris.

This tragedy aroused indignation throughout the world; it was a ferocious way of calling to account statesmen who had assumed power in due constitutional form, and one which flouted the ideas of our age. The merciless execution of five ex-ministers and a commander-in-chief, ordered after a trial which had been but a mockery, and in spite of urgent advice from Britain, whom it was to the great advantage of Greece to conciliate, could only be the work of smothered consciences. The London Cabinet was so incensed at the assassination

of men who had trusted to Britain's word that it broke off diplomatic relations with Greece.

The fact must, moreover, be insisted on that it was for having continued M. Venizelos's Asiatic war, this time with the consent of a properly elected National Assembly, that the opponents of that politician were put to death as traitors, while he, the man who had revolted against the law, had brought foreign invasion on his country, and finally conscripted his fellow-citizens to serve French intrigues and ends, was left undisturbed.

Under pressure from Lord Curzon, but some hours after the crime had actually been committed, M. Venizelos telegraphed from Lausanne to Athens to stop the executions. But that did not prevent him from showing his real sentiments next day by defending the crime in an interview published in the *Matin* and reproduced in the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Stampa*.*

It was in this political crime that the germ of the Republican idea is to be found. The treaty of Lausanne, signed on July 24, 1923, was a severe blow to the military-revolutionary Government whose professed object was to save Eastern Thrace from the Turks, and who had failed to save it. Further, the principle of compulsory exchange of populations—a principle that ought to be repugnant to all treaty-makers—had been rashly agreed to by M. Venizelos at Lausanne, and had loaded fresh misfortunes on the unhappy country. In the autumn of 1923 public discontent had grown to breaking-point. People were tired of seeing Colonel Plastiras arrogating to himself dictatorial powers; tired of the world "Revolution," and of seeing Plastiras's signature in place of the King's. The general discontent had permeated the officers, irrespective of party; the majority of them desired to see the army employed at its normal functions instead of masquerading in the guise of the politician. In October 1923 a number of the garrisons throughout the country rose in revolt against the clique controlling Athens, and demanded the abolition of the dictatorship and an immediate return to a Constitutional regime. With the exception of those of Athens and Salonika, nearly all the garrisons took part

* *Matin*, No. 1435; *Corriere della Sera* and *Stampa*, December 1, 1922.

in the rising. For several days Athens was virtually cut off, and the usurping clique thought that their day of reckoning had arrived. But the revolting garrisons had delayed their march upon Athens a little too long; the Salonika garrison arrived just in time to rescue the capital, and the movement collapsed.

As soon as Colonel Plastiras and his clique felt themselves masters of the situation, they imprisoned a number of officers and dismissed more than half the officers from the army. This was the moment when the proclamation of a Republic was first bruited. The military clique, who for two years had been living in terror of retribution for their crimes, suddenly became aware that the country was incensed against their mis-government, that the only remaining vestige of legality was the Crown, and that if the Crown were abolished, a new Republican regime could be made to share their responsibility, with the result that as a united body they might succeed in escaping punishment altogether. All the generals and colonels of tarnished reputation at once became a band of brothers to work out the Constitution of a Republic.

In November, in his capacity of Dictator, Plastiras announced in a pompous proclamation that his dream had always been to re-establish the Parliamentary regime, and decreed that a general election should be held on December 23, 1923, for a National Assembly to which he would surrender his revolutionary powers. But General Pangalos, one of the principal authors of the crimes of 1922—who happens at the moment to be in prison on a charge of embezzlement—backed by a number of officers of high rank, declared that the question to be put to the electors must be "Monarchy" or "Republic."

The electoral campaign opened; the Venizelists were to be seen fraternizing with the military party. The first measure of these dictators was to promulgate decrees introducing changes in the balloting system which made it possible for the authorities to modify the result to suit themselves; to reduce the register of voters to a number so small that the result of each election could be accurately foretold, and to include in the register the name of every refugee from the Turkish dominions.

This last decree has lent itself to extraordinary abuses. More than half the refugees are illiterates; numbers do not even speak the Greek language; dragged from their homes in the interior of Turkey they have not the vaguest idea of the meaning of constitutional government. This mass of electors voted and will continue to vote as the Government of the day orders them. The educated refugees were conciliated by a more liberal grant of voting papers, and were converted into a privileged class of plural voters who could be trusted to throw their entire weight into the scale in favour of the Government candidates.

Having vainly protested against these electoral frauds, the Royalist Party decided to withdraw its candidates and to refuse to take any part in the elections; but this did not in the least disturb the dictators; on the contrary, in order to show their impartiality, on the eve of the election they authorized the holding of two great meetings in the open air, one for the Royalists and the other for the Republicans. The Royalist meeting held on December 9 attracted a far greater concourse than the other, for all the Attic peasants made holiday and attended the meeting with their wives and children. The dictators were seized with panic and fired on the peaceable and unarmed crowd, killing and wounding over fifty, among them a number of women and children.

Immediately after this sanguinary incident the elections were held; the only candidates were the Government nominees, and they were automatically elected. On this the military directorate declared that the "Sovereign People" had voted for a "Republic," and they required King George to quit Greece on the cynical pretext that his presence during the crisis would jeopardize a peaceful settlement of the country. Colonel Plastiras sent an urgent message to M. Venizelos in Paris begging him to return, and mounting the tribune in the so-called National Assembly, with a theatrical gesture he tendered to it the "Sovereign Rights" which he said had been conferred upon him by the "Revolution."

It was in this tortuous way that M. Venizelos became President of the Council in the spring of 1924. He seemed to be in no hurry to proclaim a Republic. Fully conscious

of the scandals of the last elections, he hesitated; but, following upon an altercation with his former colleague, the "red" demagogue, Papanastassiou, he was seized with a heart attack in the Chamber; he resigned and again quitted Greece. Papanastassiou became his successor; he formed a ministry composed principally of army officers under the guidance of those who were responsible for the judicial murders of 1922, who were now all promoted to the rank of generals. With the cynical violence of the Russian Communists he raided the Treasury in order to gratify his military supporters, and on March 25 he induced the National Assembly to proclaim a Republic. It is fair to say that, in spite of the manner of their election, a large number of the Deputies abstained from voting for a Republic, but this did not in any way disturb Papanastassiou, who knew well how to stifle the popular will under a camouflage of democracy. With a flood of hollow rhetoric on April 13 he declared for a plebiscite in order that the "Sovereign People" might either confirm or reject the vote of the National Assembly. There being no provision in the Constitution for a plebiscite, nor any machinery for taking one, Papanastassiou felt free to conduct one in a manner of his own. The army was set in motion; troops armed with machine-guns were dispatched to all the important provincial centres to terrorize the people and threaten them with reprisals, even with massacre, if they dared to vote against a Republic. A vast number of voters stayed prudently at home. In Athens no citizen suspected of Royalist sympathies was allowed to approach the polling booths, which were intentionally blocked by queues of soldiers. Army lorries unceasingly disgorged soldier voters, and taking up those who had already voted, carried them, and refugees who could be trusted to vote the right way, to other polling booths where they voted again. So it continued till nightfall. The flagship *Averof* was lying at anchor at the Piræus. Out of her crew of 350 no less than 300 were Royalists. Shore leave was refused to these, but the remaining fifty, shepherded by officers, spent the whole day in voting, going from booth to booth as long as the daylight lasted. At Zante, where a Royalist success was feared, officers

seized the voting papers, ejected the returning officers, and did their own counting. At Janina, where the garrison was composed of men from the Ionian Islands, all Royalist by tradition, the commandant paraded them and told them that a British fleet was cruising off the islands and would bombard them unless they voted for a Republic. He then served out to them voting papers already marked "Republic," and ordered them to use them at the polling booth on pain of detention in the cells if they failed. Incidents of this kind were common all over the country.

On the evening of the plebiscite, before there had even been time to count the voting papers, Papanastassiou made an official announcement that from 80 to 90 per cent. had voted for a Republic. On the following day he promulgated a decree prohibiting the courts from hearing plaints against illegalities committed in the plebiscite, and a few days later another providing severe penalties against any person who should contest the legal sanction of the new Republican regime, and this, in spite of the fact that the Greek Constitution of 1864, which had been voted unanimously and had never been assailed for half a century, prohibits any change in its fundamental clauses.

It may be asked why educated opinion in Greece should have tolerated such abuses? Apart from the physical and moral fatigue that followed upon ten years of continuous wars, it must be remembered that in public affairs numbers count for little as compared with actions. The men in favour of order are not men of action. They discuss things; they groan, but they do nothing. In crises such as these the forces of disorder must be met by force.

His Republic established, Papanastassiou's first impulse was to persecute, and naturally his hand fell upon the members of the Royal Family. Forgetful of the services given to Greece for half a century by her Danish dynasty; forgetting that it was thanks to King George I of Greece that the Ionian Islands were ceded to Greece by England in 1864, and that through his dynastic connections Greece received Thessaly and Epirus in 1882 and Crete in 1897; that he lost his life in the service

of the country in 1912; that it was due to the high military qualities of King Constantine that Greece doubled her territory by her victories in the Balkans in 1912–13, Papanastassiou enacted a law prescribing perpetual exile to members of the Royal Family irrespective of age or sex, depriving them of their Greek nationality, and the seizure of almost the whole of their private property on one pretext or another. We have since seen a Greek princess faced with the difficulty of concluding her marriage contract because legally she had no nationality.

Since Greece became a Republic, she has ceased to enjoy democracy, and has fallen to the state of some South American Republics in which soldiers govern under the cloak of a parliament. In five years there have been nearly a dozen changes of ministry, some directly, others indirectly, controlled by the army. In every ministerial crisis brought about by the army the new Constitution is ignored. One after the other, the Ministers have pillaged the Treasury, and some of them fought out their quarrels with cannon in the streets. The least noxious of the semi-military cabinets, the Coalition in 1926, had as Minister of War a general whose task was to keep a hand upon the politicians. This Government was turned out last year by military chiefs who favoured the return of M. Venizelos, though he had announced that he had finally retired from political life. The President of the Republic, Admiral Coundouriotis, in defiance of the Constitution, dispensed with the necessary vote of confidence from the Chamber, dissolved Parliament, and by a simple decree, with no legal sanction behind it, enacted a fraudulent electoral system that made it possible to secure M. Venizelos's tenure of office.

And now the political future of Greece rests upon the pretence of a national mandate and the farce of elections, while in the background stand the sinister figures of military officers still haunted by the crimes for which they were responsible in 1922.

American Air Mails and What They Cost

By "Neon"

THE United States of America undoubtedly lead the world in air-mail transport. Other nations may claim pre-eminence in the operation of passenger services or the number of passengers carried by air or the volume of freight carried, but America can justly pride itself on the organization and development of its astonishing air-mail system.

Ever since 1918, when an air-mail service was started by the Federal Authorities, the pursuit of *commercial aviation* in America has been almost entirely in the direction of mail services. These were intended "to demonstrate to men of means that commercial aviation is a possibility," and they form a most interesting and instructive commentary on the prospects of this new form of transport. For here is a vast country, admirably suited to the operation of aircraft, extending nearly 3,000 miles from ocean to ocean under one flag, with great cities hundreds of miles apart, having a keen and enterprising population, and financial resources for experiment and operation on a grand scale, that set itself to "blaze the way to commercialism in aviation" by the carrying of mails — the most hopeful of all aerial activities.

Surely in the United States, if anywhere, with no entangling frontiers and every natural and monetary advantage for its sound development, aerial transport should prove to be profitable, yet American air mails are found to be no exception to the universal rule. They do not pay their way, and should the very substantial assistance from the Government be withdrawn, air-mail operation would practically cease. Moreover, the service supplies further proof, if such be still needed, of the enormous expense which is the concomitant of all aerial activities.

The service was started in May 1918, when the War Department, with surplus planes, carried letters from Washington to New York. Within a few months the Post Office took it over, carrying mails at ordinary letter rates, and proceeded to extend it during 1919 and 1920 by adding new routes from time to time. As a result of working it was found that over short distance routes air-mail transport showed little saving in time, and that even between two distant towns served by a good night train, nothing material was gained. Service must be on a much greater scale between points more distantly situated, between cities separated by many hundreds of miles. The long-distance transcontinental route was therefore proposed, certain sections being prepared for flying operations, while the short disconnected lines were abandoned. In September 1920 a relay air and rail service, on and off the train, was put into operation from New York to San Francisco, bags of mail being flown by day and carried by rail during the night. The result was disappointing, for the gain in time was comparatively trifling and quite incommensurate with the trouble involved. It became increasingly apparent that transport by air could take no place in regular mail service unless it showed decided advantage over existing systems; above all, it must save time, and time could only be saved by continuous flying, which must of necessity include regular night flying, and entail the provision of all the facilities necessary for such flights.

On the recommendation of the Post Office Department the experiment of continuous day and night flying across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific was decided upon; in August 1923 the first continuous flight from ocean to ocean was made, and on July 1, 1924, the regular transcontinental air service was started. Along the 2,669 miles between New York and San Francisco eighteen fully-equipped landing fields and eighty-nine emergency landing fields had been established; between these fields fifty-eight electric beacons were set on towers 53 ft. high. These searchlights of some 2,000,000 candle-power were necessary to guide the pilots along the route, and to show the location of the landing fields, and in addition to these beacons 417 gas "routing beacons" were

placed at intervals along the airway to assist in keeping the pilot on his course. Thus were lighted the night-flying sections of the route, nearly 1,900 miles, at a cost of £103,000, or about £55 a mile for construction, with an annual charge of £30 a mile for maintenance.

Up to this time, July 1, 1924, the department had received no excess revenue from the mails carried by air, the Post Office planes being simply loaded up with ordinary first-class mail chosen more or less at random. As the service had developed with the extension of routes, more mail had been carried—the 18,000 lbs. taken in 1918 increasing to nearly 530,000 lbs. two years later, and to more than 1,500,000 lbs. for the year ending June 30, 1924. The cost to the Post Office Department during the six years of experimental operation amounted to £1,900,000, but now air-mail transport was to be tried out in order to test its commercial feasibility. With the advent of day and night flying, the long transcontinental route was divided into three zones, and a charge made of 8 cents a zone in addition to the ordinary letter rate of 2 cents an ounce; thus a letter weighing not more than one ounce could be carried by air from New York to San Francisco for 26 cents (2+8+8+8), or 1s. 1d. At the end of twelve months the operation resulted in a loss to the Postal Department of nearly £420,000, for while 232,513 lbs. of mail had been carried and £120,000 received in excess postage the cost of the service had been no less than £540,000. The result of the next year's working showed a similar loss.

It was not intended that the Government should permanently continue to provide air-mail transport under Government auspices and at Government expense, since one of the objects in starting the service had been to demonstrate that commercial aviation was a possibility and an "entirely feasible thing," and though the demonstration of commercial success was not yet in sight, the Government was expectant and enthusiastic. In order to stimulate widespread public interest, they decided to reduce the postal charges, extend the carrying of mails by opening up "feeder" lines for the transcontinental service, and encourage private enterprise by putting these subsidiary lines out to contract. The Kelly Act of

June 1926 provided for new rates of postage and of pay, the postage being based on varying charges for contract routes and Government zones, and covering not only the payment to the contractors, but allowing at least 2½ cents per letter to the Government for the cost of collection, sorting, delivery, and so forth. At the rates fixed an air-mail letter could be carried from New York to San Francisco for 10d., from Boston to Los Angeles for 1s. 3d.

Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was confident that in the United States "the development of aviation was steadily approaching the point of self-supporting application through private initiative in commercial transportation," and he believed "that with certain minor services by the Government it has now reached a point where this can be done without subsidy." These *minor services* included the establishment and maintenance of airways all over the Continent, the lighting of air routes, the provision of emergency landing fields, weather reports and wireless communication to pilots in the air!

But success was still elusive and soon the Post Office was obliged to forgo the 2 cents for handling, secured by the Kelly Act, for the air-mail contractors were not getting enough traffic and were losing money. The public, unwilling to pay the price for speed that the aeroplane demands, were not using the mail service, and something had to be done to increase the traffic. In January 1927 a great reduction in air-mail postage was made with the introduction of a flat rate of 10 cents (5d.) for a letter not exceeding half an ounce, and in order to create further facilities in the use of air mail, more contract routes were developed. Other important changes followed—the Postal Department handed over the carrying of air mails entirely to private enterprise, the air-mail count was discontinued, and the lighting and maintenance of the air routes were transferred to the Department of Commerce. By September 1, 1927, when the Government relinquished the last section of the transcontinental route, some £3,500,000 had been spent on air-mail operations.

All the postal flying in the United States was now in the hands of contractors, and a 10 cent (5d.) stamp

carried a letter by air from Boston to San Francisco, from Los Angeles to St. Louis, or to any other city. But still the volume of mails was not sufficient to satisfy the operating companies. "If we could have an increased volume of air-mail by 50 per cent.," said Colonel Lindberg, formerly an air-mail pilot, "we could develop our mail lines and put them on a paying basis in a very short time." In August 1928 the flat rate was further reduced by 75 per cent., that is to say, it was reduced from 10 cents (5d.) for half an ounce to 5 cents (2½d.) for a letter not exceeding one ounce, with this curious proviso that, while the postage for the first ounce was fixed at 5 cents, the charge for the second and each succeeding ounce was fixed at 10 cents! The natural result of such a regulation is obvious.

The enormous reduction in postage in August 1928 had an immediate effect: it doubled the *stated* weight of mail, which continues to increase with the opening of new and the extension of old routes; and now, air-mail pilots flying more than 35,000 miles a day along 15,000 miles of airway of which 10,000 miles are elaborately equipped and lighted, carry in one month mail matter *reckoned* as some 250 tons. New York and San Francisco are now within thirty-seven hours of each other for postal purposes, and an ounce letter can be sent by air thousands of miles for the modest sum of 2½d.—an amazing development indeed. Yet less than 2 per cent. of the total first-class letter mail is carried by air.

When the Government opened the operation of feeder lines to private enterprise, neither the Post Office nor the prospective operators had enough data to go upon, and the early bidders asked and secured the maximum rates obtainable—$3 (12s.) a pound. But when later lines were established, keener bidding took place, with the result that the contract for Atlanta–Chicago is fixed as low as 78 cents a pound. It appears that one company, the Western Air Express, fortunate in its route, Los Angeles—Salt Lake City, with a $3 rate, and no doubt efficiently operated, began to show a profit while all the others were losing money. The National Air Transport Company had planes which, "if loaded to capacity at the rate paid, would have earned $1,000

or $1,500 a day, but lacking capacity loads they lost money instead of making it." "The Pacific Air Transport Company was still without a profit after a year of pioneering, though they found that air mail yielded ten times more revenue per pound than passenger carrying." The Colonial Air Transport Company, Boston—New York, although receiving $3 a pound (over £6 10s. a ton-mile), accumulated a deficit of $185,000 in the first eighteen months of working. Other air-mail contractors had similar experiences.

As a result of the introduction in August 1928 of the rate of 5 cents for a letter not exceeding 1 oz., air-mail flying became profitable for all operators having high rates of pay; these included six who were receiving $3, and five who were paid at the rate of $2.50 or over, per pound of mail. With the cheaper postage the traffic naturally increased, and larger and larger sums were paid over to the contract companies. It is little wonder that profits were being made, for the Post Office during 1928 disbursed no less than $7,430,225 for the transport of air mails, the amount for the month of December exceeding $1,000,000. In January 1929 Mr. Irving Glover, the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, appeared before the House Appropriation Committee to ask for a deficiency appropriation of $5,000,000 (a supplementary estimate of £1,000,000!!) to help out the original appropriation of 6½ million dollars for the financial year ending June 1929. The members of the committee were taken aback and bewildered, for had not they and the public been led to believe that the air mails were paying their way, and would not the people vote against the air mail if they realized how much it cost? "The people of this country are not cognisant of the fact that these routes are operated at such a loss." "The opinion round this committee table is that the service should be placed on a business basis and that it should at least pay the expense of operating." Mr. Glover was obliged to acknowledge that the air-mail service was carried on at great loss to the taxpayer, but he declared that constant pressure was being exerted on the Post Office to extend the service, and the committee were advised that, if they failed to approve the deficit, they would be outvoted by

Congress. No question of money would be allowed to stand in the way. American prestige was involved. Commercial aviation was not now the issue—its pursuit had been utterly abandoned.

It is clear that the highly-paid air-mail operators are making profits at the expense of the tax-payer, but what proportion of the large sum paid to contractors is covered by revenue in postage can only be a matter for speculation, for the air-mail count has long been discontinued, and the true weight of mail stamped and posted cannot be ascertained. A contractor is paid for the weight of mail carried over his section, and every time a letter enters a fresh section it is re-weighed. Thus a pound of mail dispatched from Boston to Los Angeles is weighed four times and becomes four pounds of air mail in the monthly return; a pound dispatched from New Orleans to Seattle passes over five contract routes and is reckoned as five pounds. The figures published month by month as poundage are misleading; they are not pounds, but pound-routes.

It can readily be shown that the postal revenue must fall very far short, indeed, it may well be only a small proportion, of the payments made to the operators, for the air mail is mainly used for long distance letters that must inevitably pass over several routes. A pound of mail (and mail bags are weighed as mail) yields $1 only to the Post Office, allowing twenty letters to the pound. If dispatched from Boston to Seattle the approximate cost to the Department for air transport alone is $10 a pound, if from New Orleans to Seattle $11.50, from Boston to Los Angeles nearly $9, from Pasco to Miami $10.50. Even if the pound of mail passed over one route only, there would be a very definite loss, for the operators would be paid by the Department (the average rate for 1928 being $1.83 for each pound of mail carried) three-fourths more than the Post Office had received in postage; expressed otherwise, it would take 36⅓ (nominal 1 oz.) letters to the pound to reimburse the Post Office for the payment to the contractor over one route only.

One illustration can be given of the financial operation of the American air mail. In August of last year, after

the reduction in letter post to 5 cents an ounce, an enterprising motor-car company sent as an advertisement for their machines 350,000 air-mail letters from the capital city of Michigan to all parts of the United States. The mail weighed nearly 20,000 lbs., the handling requiring an extra force of postal clerks working night and day; ten one-ton trucks were required to carry the 500 sacks of advertising matter to the airport, where seventeen or eighteen planes were assembled; at one minute intervals these took off for Chicago, where the mail was transhipped and distributed all over the continent. These letters weighed close on 1 oz. each, and cost the company $17,500 (£3,500) in postage. Approximately $16,500 of this was handed over to the company operating the initial section, though the rate for that route was only 89 cents a pound. It was estimated that before the letters reached their destination a sum much in excess of $50,000 had been paid to the other air-mail contractors. If the costs of handling, collection, sorting and delivery are entirely ignored, together with the unremunerative weight of mail bags paid for at a high rate on each route, and rail transport to towns off the air routes, the direct loss to the taxpayer by the advertising "stunt" of this motor company could not have been less, and was probably very much more, than £10,000. This very conservative estimate of the operation gives the postage return as approximately one-quarter of the sum paid to the contractors for flying the mails only.

But the enormous payments to air-mail operators do not tell the whole tale. Ever since July 1, 1927, when everything connected with the airways was transferred to the Department of Commerce, large sums of money have been voted for air navigation facilities. During 1928 the Department expended more than $3,000,000, and this year it has planned to spend $4,000,000 largely on the elaborate lighting of 3,000 more miles of airway (in addition to the 10,000 miles already lighted), on the establishment of new, and the extension of the, existing routes, on the maintenance of airways and emergency landing grounds, and on the provision of weather forecasts and warnings, and every known aid to aerial navigation. This large appropriation, however, does not include the

acquisition and the lighting of the airports in the centres of population. This is a matter for the cities themselves, and it has been estimated that the airports at twelve of the principal flying centres represent an investment of more than $10,000,000. An airway is, indeed, on the ground and not in the air.

It is hardly credible that the utter financial failure of the air mails was not realized by the Department concerned until the truth forced itself forward and would not be denied. And although it was inevitable, under the system of cheap flat-rate postage on the one hand and generous payments over separate routes on the other, that the greater the traffic, the greater would be the loss to the State, yet, strange as it may seem, the increase in traffic was put forward as striking evidence of commercial success. A few days before the Appropriations Committee were asked for $5,000,000 to supplement the estimate, Mr. Harry New, the then Postmaster-General, in a special article to the *New York Times*, said :

> Of course, everybody knows that Europe in the early days left America far in the rear in things aeronautical. Over there, however, aviation was a hot-house plant. The roots were fed with the life-stream of heavy governmental subsidies. In the United States it has grown of its own merit. The only impetus it has received, beyond that of the early demonstration of its practicability by the Post Office Department, has come from its ability to supply an existing need of the American people. Due to the sound growth of the air mail in America commercial aviation here is fast outstripping that of Europe . . . it was America's air-mail service with its night flying and regular schedules that was the despair and envy of our European cousins.

The Postmaster-General was not alone in the advancement of these fallacious arguments, for departments and Press in the post-war feverishness for air supremacy had propagated the fiction that American air mails with their amazing development were definitely paying their way.

It is not surprising, therefore, that those in this country whose interests are in the air welcomed this news of evident commercial success; here was an earnest of commercial air transport at last! Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, speaking on the commercial prospects of aviation, informed his hearers that "an American company which was not subsidized was making a profit carrying mails. That was real commercial

aviation paying for itself." His late chief technical adviser, Lt.-Col. I. A. E. Edwards, accepting the American statements without examination, repeats the tale: "No subsidy is paid, contracts are let by the Post Office for the carriage of mail over specified routes at competitive rates, the Post Office obtaining its return from the inclusive rate of 2½d. an ounce." Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, Secretary-General of the Air League, tells the public that "one-third of the American air lines are paying without a subsidy *because* they operate over distances long enough to show a real saving of time over other forms of transport." Thus counsel is darkened by words without knowledge.

Moreover, when disturbing facts are brought forward, comforting beliefs in the future of the air are not forsaken nor are their grounds examined. When Admiral Sir W. H. Henderson, concerned that in the public interest the truth about aviation should be known, pointed out that the operation of the air mail had involved the American Post Office in considerable loss, and that Lt.-Col. N. Thwaites, Assistant Secretary of the Air League, was in error when he asserted that "the air mails of the U.S.A. pay their way," this gentleman would have none of it. Begging the question, he thought to set the facts at naught by quoting from the speech of an American aircraft manufacturer at a banquet in New York given to Sir Philip Sassoon, "There were no Government subsidies in America," yet "the air-mail contract routes were making a real profit." Both these statements are true, but they are not the whole truth, and are but the cobwebs of sophistry. The American air mails have never paid their way. They require from the State a very large subvention, by whatever name it is called, by whatever system it is given; and the greater the development of air mail and air-mail routes, the greater will be the loss to the postal department and the greater the appropriation of public funds.

The Making of a Myth

By M. C. Balfour

In Mrs. H. A. Taylor's "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance," she makes use of an effective phrase: "A tremendous force of personality is necessary to make a myth."

This is obviously true; for otherwise facts would predominate to such a degree—take the upper hand, as it were—that they would leave no room for hearsay or folk-memory to crystallize into tradition. A colourless character may be remembered by a string of known dates behind him, or he and they may slip together into oblivion; he is not likely to live on, vivid, if legendary, in the popular mind. Yet a stronger man may so live, mere facts overshadowed by the force of his own personality, till fiction is so twined about his memory that it is difficult, sometimes impossible, to know the real truth. And this is dangerous, for (in the past at least—I hope we are more careful today) it is precisely on such uncertain foundations as these that history has too often been based.

As an example let me take "Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assize"—that lurid figure that has been blackened, then whitewashed, and now appears to be undergoing a new and heavier coat of black—or red—once more. Yet though many may question his morality, no one has yet attempted to deny the force of his personality; and ever since he passed to his account there has gathered about his memory a mass of tradition, legend, myth—call it what you will—that has never been completely stripped away. The result is picturesque and not without some admixture of truth though the details are often obviously impossible; but it is above all the intense, I might almost say the romantic, impression of a figure that refuses to be forgotten. No sooner was the "Bloody Judge" dead, than out of some fact, more fiction, and a large amount of what I can only call fairy-tale, the folk-mind set out to paint his portrait. We could scarcely find a better

example to prove that "A tremendous force of personality is necessary to make a myth."

We have swept away a good deal of uncertainty regarding the places in which "Judge Jeffreys" (to use the name by which he is most widely known) lived or stayed at different times. In the Inner Temple we can visit today the chambers he occupied from 1670 onwards; we know his great houses in Aldermanbury, in Great Queen Street, in Westminster, his country house of Bulstrode in Buckinghamshire, the old building in Coleman Street—not very long pulled down—where he is said to have once lived; we can see the dark room in the Tower where he died. We can trace where he lodged on circuit at East Grinstead, at Dorchester (where we may almost see his pain-racked face peering out of the old window), at Taunton, at Bristol—though the Town Clerk's house is now gone from the ancient street. We know he was at Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, and Wells; and at Tunbridge Wells, where he was taking the cure when the King called him to preside over the Bloody Assize—the bill of his expenses there lies beside me as I write.

These are facts. But what of the myth? What of all the places where he never was—save in the folk-mind? It is with these that I am concerned, and these in Somerset can be counted by the score.

His progress through the country, it has been said, could be traced by the carnage he left behind him. In a quotation that no one seems able to resist we are told that

> *he made all the West an Aceldama*, some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in 'em but forsaken Walls, Unlucky Gibbets, and Ghostly Carcases. The Trees were Loaden almost as Thick with *Quarters, as Leaves*; the Houses and Steeples, covered as close with Heads, as at other times . . . with *Crows or Ravens*; nothing cou'd be liker Hell, then (*sic*) those Parts, *nothing so like the Devil as He*—Caldrons hissing—Carcasses boiling—Pitch and Tar sparkling *and Glowing—Blood, and Limbs Boiling, and Tearing, and Mangling; and He the Great Director of all.*

Tutchin was a lurid pamphleteer; and if we are to believe a recent writer who departs surprisingly from the hitherto accepted verdict, he is even to be considered reliable. What a pity he could not have left us a

companion picture of Carlisle and the Highlands after Culloden!

But to return to Somerset, there is scarcely a town or village throughout the southern part of the county in which there is not, or has not been, some oak associated with the hanging of the Monmouth rebels; and over these trees of unhappy memory broods the even darker shadow of the dreaded Judge. At Gallows Close near Taunton; at Ilminster, where a great oak tree bore its grim fruit in the market-place; at North Perrott; at Chard, where the Hang-Cross-Tree stood till 1864; at South Petherton, at Crewkerne, at Corston near Bath (where the old stump is still preserved), at Wringstone near Bristol—the Tree and the Judge are still unforgotten.

At some places the story is more precise. At Ilchester —it was a corporate town then— he is said to have stayed a night at the ancient Town Hall in order to gloat over the executions that he had ordered. At Wellington he put up at the best inn in the town "from the windows of which he could see the writhing of his wretched victims." At Bradford-on-Avon in the Swan he is said to have held a court in the Old Court-Room; perhaps on that apocryphal route from Bath "to open the Assize at Dorchester," to which I shall refer later. At Langport there is a vague memory of him connected with the Hanging Chapel; at Chewton Mendip he is associated with the ancient Cross; and at Bridgwater we are told that he lodged at the beautiful timbered house called Marycourt in order to "see his sentences carried out on the Cornhill." Others say that he stayed or held his court at the Swan Inn (actually on the Cornhill and now a shop); and still a third house is now shown to the public, as he is "believed" to have lodged there. This last is interesting, as only a few years ago it was not open to view; which proves the legend still active.

At Cothelstone the great gateway at the end of the avenue is still pointed out as the spot where he hanged two prisoners from Taunton in order to annoy Lord Stawell, whose house it was, because he had protested against the executions; it is an odd touch that one of these men was a Puritan who had held the estate when sequestrated under Cromwell.

At Wedmore we meet with a story (recently used by a popular novelist) that Jeffreys hanged a doctor on the village cross because he had helped to dress the wounds of a dying rebel. At that time the cross stood by the shambles in the centre of the village; at a later date some romantic hand has removed it to the small garden in front of the house which tradition points out as " that in which Jeffreys lodged "—no doubt, as usual, to see his sentences carried out. It is a picturesque story, but I am afraid quite unfounded.

At Stogumber in the Quantocks the Judge is said to have " been seen "; I have not been able to get particulars, but this may be one of the stories of Jeffreys " walking in his robes," to which Roberts alludes in his " Life of Monmouth." And one who died there late last century remembered that as a boy he had been shown the iron stakes in an old Scotch fir—one of a long avenue—on which " Judge Jeffreys " was said to have stuck the heads of Monmouth rebels. In the neighbouring parish of Croscombe there is another tree—Heddon Oak—which people even now do not willingly pass after dark, because of a like story. The Tree and the Judge—once again, unforgotten.

There is a curious traditional connection between Jeffreys and the town of Chard, unsupported by evidence or probability, but interesting. In " Somerset Life and Character," by Mr. Willis Watson, we are told that he sat in the old Shire Hall—once in the middle of the principal street but now swept away—" to supply poor wretches for the local gibbets. He worked with so fiendish a will that there was no time, apparently, to build a scaffold, so the authorities took the condemned prisoners to a large tree which stood at the bottom of the main street of the town and, throwing a rope over a good stout limb, carried out the brutal sentences passed upon them." He adds that Jeffreys lodged in the town, and the excellent local guide-book, recording the tradition, though questioning the truth of it, says, after mentioning the Hang-Cross-Tree, that an upper chamber at the Choughs Inn is still pointed out as having been occupied by him. Perhaps this arose from the fact that the Commissioners appointed to deal with the

sale of the forfeited lands did undoubtedly meet at the Choughs. In any case, it is an inn worth visiting for other reasons than its associations, its fine fireplaces and balustered doorways, for we are told by Mr. C. R. B. Barrett in his "Somersetshire Highways, Byways, and Waterways" that in 1891 he found in this house "from the ground to the roof a portion some eight by ten feet had been walled up, and, strange to say, the tenant had never noticed it." Two years later, when he paid a second visit, there was "a new tenant equally ignorant of the fact that two, if not three, rooms were cut bodily out of the house and hidden." It is a pity there seems to be no tradition linking this with the memory of the Judge and his "victims."

But I have not finished with his connection with the town, for Mr. Willis Watson goes on to tell us that "his name was perpetuated . . . by some of his relatives living there." No precise date is given for the following, but the writer is dealing with some strange characters still dimly remembered by old people, and details suggest that it may be placed in the earlier half of last century. "There was one," he writes, "a descendant of the notorious Judge Jeffreys. Sally was a sweet-faced woman, her skin could be likened to a piece of delicate china. She dressed curiously. Her straw bonnet was of the coal-scuttle pattern, close-fitting. . . . Over her black dress she wore a French-blue cloak, with a deep yoke, full pleated round the shoulders and fastened with fine silver clasps. . . ." The story goes that she had a spendthrift brother who, when at length she refused to supply him with any more money, committed suicide in a little boat-house on the edge of the great reservoir just outside the town. She lived entirely aloof and alone, but it is said that she visited every night the scene of her brother's death, and "one might have heard her, in a humming voice, addressing, as it were, an unseen being. . . . Then she would quicken her pace and, like a sprite, disappear into the shadows."

A queer story. But I suspect the relationship to Jeffreys is no better founded than the statement in "The Merciful Assizes" that "he hang'd *Two of his first Cousins*, because he wou'd not favour the Private

Ties of Affinity"; and she is much more likely to have been connected with the Somersetshire family of the same name.

Another place with which the Judge is associated is Swell Court (now a farmhouse), some few miles east of Taunton. The "Dictionary of National Biography" says simply that "two portraits of Jeffreys and one of his wives, are preserved at Swell Court, Somerset." But in "Notes and Queries" (Series V, vol. VI, p. 148), there is mention of a tradition that he held the usual court here, and that some of the chains to which the prisoners were fastened are still attached to the walls. The pictures are also said to be in "the Hall of the Court House," and are described as "oil paintings of the Kneller type, and very good examples of portrait-painting of this school"; and the writer adds that they are always mentioned in the lease and are not allowed to be removed, "clearly indicating some connection between the house and the Judge." On making inquiries recently of the rector of Fivehead, I found this in part at least confirmed. To quote his own words:— "The story as told to me many years ago is, that Jeffreys on his way to Taunton for the trial of certain prisoners, stayed for one night at Swell Court, continuing his journey the following day. The two pictures are still there, but so far as I know there is no dependable evidence as to their origin."

Let us pass now to another story concerning the Judge—entirely apocryphal, I regret to say, but interesting as an outcrop of pure myth and yet accepted as truth by at least some people today, for my attention was called to it as "quite true." I can only do justice to it by quoting from a little local guide-book, "Unbeaten Tracks Round Bristol and Bath," published by a Bristol newspaper:—

> Passing under the wide Gothic archway and coming to the courtyard of an old inn . . . a certain infamous figure of our country's history walked up narrow steps and so to the balcony which overlooks the little stone-flagged courtyard. And from there he fulminated and raged at hapless wretches standing rope-bound below, in front of him, and consigned them, short shift (*sic*), to strangling death on the gibbets which had been raised in grim lines along the roads to Bath, to Farleigh Hungerford, and to Frome. The inn is the old George Inn

at Norton St. Philip's, one of the oldest in all England, and the infamous figure, Judge Jeffreys, he of the Bloody Assize of the West.

"The day was in late summer, 1685. The avenging aftermath of the battle of Sedgemoor had begun. Jeffreys had stayed here at Norton on his way to the Assize Court at Dorchester. His trail of hangings was about to start from here in an old-world, and till then peace-embowered, village.

Today you can mount those steps Jeffreys mounted; you can lean over the wooded partition that he leaned across; you can look down at the courtyard and imagine the miserable wretches dragged from the old, foul cells near the Gothic doorway; you can imagine Jeffreys, primed by the wines of the "George," his red, puffed face becoming livid in his storming at these hapless, ill-starred sons of Somerset; you can imagine them one by one or in small groups condemned by him to the hangman and the rope, and led away out through the inn's gateway to the cross roads and to expiation for their part in that tragically absurd Monmouth rebellion . . .

We think we can sense why Jeffreys decided to deal with prisoners at the "George." He knew Monmouth had stayed there; he knew it was his headquarters during that . . . six-hours' skirmishing . . . which was the Rebel Duke's solitary success of the Rising; he knew the "George" at Norton had been the rallying point for the Duke's wretched Somerset dupes. So he, too, would go to the "George." See his eyes aglint and his lips pursed in sardonic irony when he decided to purge the old inn from its grave Rebellion sins—purge it with hangings and Jeffreys' terrorism.

Here is the myth at its most lurid—I cannot better it, and I will not spoil it by comment or criticism!

Between the Bloody Assizes and Jeffreys' death, there is not much to add to the mass of legend surrounding him, presumably because the events of these last three years were, so to speak, in the limelight, and his share in or connection with them too well known to allow of "enamels and garnitures"—to use his own effective phrase. In Somerset, it is true, we find the aftermath of the Assizes in tales of the disasters that overtook "Tom Boil-man" and "Burn-guts"—their nicknames indicate the reason for their fate—the ill-luck that overtook Ann Farrant who betrayed Monmouth to the soldiers, and the blindness that fell on that other who said "it did her eyes good" to see one of the rebels hanged—there are many such but they scarcely concern Jeffreys. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to the "blood-stained" brick of which it was said he rebuilt his house of Bulstrode. But as we draw near the end, we meet again with the strange admixture of truth and

fiction that is so closely woven about his life and death. Here is one story that has a welcome touch of humanity in it.

At Leatherhead in Surrey there is a house known as "The Mansion," one of two in the neighbourhood that were once the property of Alderman Sir Thomas Bludworth, Pepys' much-maligned Lord Mayor of the Great Fire and father-in-law of Jeffreys who married his daughter Ann. Here, or in the other house, Thorncroft, he seems to have lived when not in London till he died in 1682, when both passed to his son. Tradition says "The Mansion" was occasionally occupied by Judge Jeffreys, though I do not know why, as he had a country house of his own; but there seems reason to believe that in the last troublous days of 1688 Ann Lady Jeffreys and her children may have found it safer to take refuge here near her brother. Perhaps, had Jeffreys got safely overseas, here she would have stayed till times grew quiet again. In any case, we find in "Highways and Byways in Surrey," by Mr. Eric Parker:—

> According to a local tradition Jeffreys when . . . King James had fled to France, slunk in disguise to Leatherhead. It was one of the many roads he found closed against him in his attempt to escape. But he did not come to Leatherhead solely because it lay on the road to the South. His little daughter lay at the point of death at her uncle's house, and his desire was to see her once again before she died. The once mighty Lord Chancellor, dressed as a common sailor with shaven eyebrows and coaldust smeared on his cheeks, hated with an intensity of loathing which has never been felt for an Englishman before or since, knocked fearfully at dead of night at the door of the house where his dying daughter lay.

On inquiry I was able to add a little to this. I heard from a resident that "the tradition was that he delayed to see his dying daughter and that this led to his arrest in South London" (?); and on referring to a former Vicar who was interested in such matters I was told that "the story went that Jeffreys came down to see a dying child; was concealed in a secret room in the house, which, in my time, could be seen, and was betrayed, or at least his whereabouts were betrayed, by his butler." A legend, of course, but when one strips off the obvious additions—the Wapping disguise, the idea of escaping by "one of the many roads closed against him," and so

forth—there is under all a basis of truth. For before me lies a certified extract from the Register of the parish church of Leatherhead, which says: "2nd December, 1688, the daughter of my Lord Chancellor Jefferyes burryed." Let us finish with his life on this more human note; the man who, at such a time of trouble and danger, could think of his little dying daughter was not quite the ogre we have been taught to think him.

Yet when his life was ended, the myth went on: he "drowned himself in drink"; he "died raving mad"; he was "poisoned by the usurper" (William of Orange) in that *fin ragout de champignons* sent to him in the Tower. He was not even allowed to rest in peace when, four and a half years after his death, he was laid in the vault under St. Mary Aldermanbury "as near as may be to my former wife and children." And though the facts seem clear and straightforward, round his burial has gathered such a mass of tradition and legend that the truth itself has been twisted into apparent support of the myth. I am obliged, therefore, to quote both fact—and fiction.

After a temporary interment in St. Peter-ad-Vincula, permission was given to the relatives to remove the body in September 1692, but this was not done till November 1693. There is a tradition that it was then removed "by the apprentices of the parish of Aldermanbury in a tumultuous manner," but Malcolm in his "Londinium Redivivum" calls this merely fabulous, though he adds that "the apprentices might have run riot on such an occasion." In any case, riots or no—and possibly the fear of them had caused the delay—the removal appears to have taken place; for in 1803 Malcolm was told by the sextoness that she had seen the coffin in its rich covering of crimson velvet and gilt furniture; and again in 1810 it was seen by workmen repairing the floor and others, still in good condition and bearing on it a "plate with the name of Chancellor Jeffreys" (Woolrych). And there, no doubt, he lies today; but it is to be noted that at no time was the coffin opened. Some fifty years back (I could not discover the precise date), a tablet was put up on the south wall bearing the words:—

In memory of George, Baron Jeffreys (of Wem.), Recorder of London,

Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Lord Chancellor of England 1685. Formerly a resident in this Parish, and whose remains are buried in this Church.

The Lord seeth not as man seeth. 1 Sam. xvi, 7.

These apparently are the facts. And yet Woolrych tells us that very soon "there was a doubt prevailed as to the place of his burial, for there is a tradition that he was laid at Enfield," adding in a note: "At the end of the south aisle in a vault belonging to the manor of Durance," Jeffreys' eldest daughter having married the son and heir of Judge Stringer, then lord of the manor. And down in Somerset, where the memory of the Bloody Assize was still so vivid, there grew up a belief (still existing today) that he was finally buried at Stocklinch, a little place some eight miles east of Taunton. Here is the story as gathered from several sources.

I must begin by stating that there is in this neighbourhood a family claiming Jeffreys descent still holding the manorial rights; I am informed that "Ann Jeffreys who married Benjamin Allen in 1757 . . . is supposed to be a great-niece of Judge Jeffreys. . . . Several members of the Jeffreys family have been buried in this church." I repeat this exactly as told to me; but I am inclined to think the connection is more remotely through the Jeffreys of Wem, a Quaker family that claimed descent from the Acton line and bore the same arms. One of them, who died 1774, married a Margaret Allen.

My informant went on to state that "some few years ago, I, with one or two others, examined the vault (the one in which the judge was said to have been buried) and were able to identify all the coffins but one. This is the one supposed to contain the judge. We could not make out any inscription as it is so old . . . the clerk used to show the vault to visitors who came here." Some years ago, however, it was closed by the rector for private reasons, but my informant, the present rector, adds: "There has always been a tradition that the judge was buried there." Further, a neighbouring landowner, taking some children to visit the Tower in 1923 and telling them this story, was informed by the warder, "greatly interested," that some years back, when alterations were made in the chapel, Jeffreys' grave was opened and "they found no coffin

or anything." Inquiries were made and "it was thought the family had had it moved through the influence of some official in the Tower, and that it may have been taken to a Somerset village" (the official mentioned was one of the Pines, a Somerset county family). Discussing the matter later, this same gentleman added the following particulars: "The judge died in the Tower (he poisoned himself) and he was buried in the chapel there. His family wanted him to be buried at Stocklinch and managed, through Valentine Pine, to get his body dug up and brought down to Taunton. The populace got to know of it, and had the body hung up on St. Mary's Tower and cut off his head. At night it was taken down and carried to Stocklinch"! This brings the story down to 1923–4. I will add an extract from the *Somerset County Herald* as recent in date as March 9 of this year—1929:—

> I know a monumental mason who declares that the body of Judge Jeffreys was buried at Stocklinch, and that he has seen the coffin and read the inscription on the plate [*sic*]. Some of your readers will, no doubt, remember that not many months ago Mr. A. J. Vickery of this town related a story which he heard at Barrington about 35 years ago, whilst he was assisting in the decoration of the church chancel. Mr. Vickery said that one of the men he met there claimed to be the son of the sexton at Stocklinch, and had often seen Judge Jeffreys' coffin in the vault there. Sometimes the water used to flood the vault, and float the coffins out of their resting-places, and he had more than once held the lantern whilst his father pushed them back into their respective places. Although Judge Jeffreys' coffin was made of lead, it floated on the water like the others, but always *turned round in the opposite direction, with the feet towards the steps.*

The italics are mine. Yes; even in death—and legend—he would still be contrary!

And so we leave him; now clearly seen across the centuries—"his Face well enough, full of a certain briskness though mixt with an Air a little malicious," who said "many pleasant Things but very few handsom ones," who, "when he was in temper," had "a sort of majesty"; and now a haunting terror in scarlet, half-veiled, but always dreadful. He lived—a man like others; he played a great part in history, he was a notable lawyer; he comes down to us as an ogre in a fairy tale. I do not propose to judge him; but I say once more: "A tremendous force of personality is necessary to make a myth."

Biography of a Batman

By Graham Seton

I WENT back . . . twelve years after, to find my friend. He was my batman, the best, the most intimate friend man ever had; at least that I have ever known, and I am growing past the age when men make new friends.

He lies now in Ration Farm Cemetery; the war name still persists. And this quiet place is near to La Chapelle d'Armentières—Chapelle—which links his spirit with a serene holiness which was its fitting birthright, and—Armentières—with that light-hearted gaiety, his very soul, which will sing so long as war songs are with us. I found the plot, the row, the little grave, made so easy for those who seek, by the patience, skill, and art of the Commission which has spent ten years in fashioning the quiet resting places of those who sleep in Flanders.

He is near to the place where he fell; but he will remain with me to the end. I'm an old soldier now, and I shall just fade away like the rest. He was a stripling, who was taken quickly, perhaps to be a better counsellor to myself. Who knows? Whom the gods love . . . Ah! yes, I've heard that many times; but in those days we were all young; and perhaps, too, we who remain may have left our youth behind—a lost generation. Peter, that was his name, has always remained with me, as vivid in some newer life as he was in those days. Beneath a rugged exterior, yet roughly tender and bravely beautiful, he possessed a spirit, which, like many others now passed on, in its perfect example will abide for all time with the living. As I stood beside the simple white stone which marks his earthly passage, my mind travelled back across the years of his life.

I will tell you the story of that laddie so you may know something of the sons of the people. When they open their doors to you, they often close their hearts. You do not know these lads taken from mean streets, from the squalor of great cities. They have hearts of

gold. But perhaps it is in a mother who has given and lost everything that you may discover the secret of a son's loveliness. Do you know her? She wears a crazy bonnet, her clothes are of no period or style; her hands shake to a cup of tea; she is bent with unceasing toil; her beauty is despoiled by want and watching, and yet remaining in all its serenity. She is stricken with poverty, bowed with age, rendering a thousand services to those whose burdens may be greater than her own. She consoles the griefs of a score of neighbours and yet her own grief in its silence and hopelessness is greater than any other. And when you see a thousand lads stepping forth like gods to war, remember the mother; and when those lads do not return, as they will not, many of them, do not forget that little figure in a crazy bonnet who in a garret in some mean byway may bear the burden of many others as the cloak for her greater grief.

Beyond his suckling Peter never knew a mother; but a father he remembered, someone who had taken the little fellow on his knee, laughed with him, led him up beside Ben Lomond overlooking the Loch, his one great friend of the past. There had been a grandmother, too, in the rugged island of Islay, swept by Atlantic storms. Peter, an orphan, without shelter or friends, was gathered from the streets of Glasgow by the kindly arms of law and charity and sent to a school, set amid green fields and rolling hills on the outskirts of the city. Here, with genial understanding, tutelage, and not unkind discipline, amid rough companionship, body and character had developed. He had acquired a more than sound education, but as a piper—he led the pipe band—and as a dancer, he shone like a star in that boyish constellation. Such schools fashion fine recruits for the bands of British regiments, and in due course a little lad, but withal a proficient piper, joined a family of eight hundred men. In such a family a cheerful countenance is a first passport to popularity, and this Peter quickly acquired, yet remained a son unspoilt.

I remember well when I first noticed him. I was whiling away an afternoon of the boredom of an orderly officer's duties, with its trivial round of inspecting cookhouses, visiting men confined in the guardroom, and mounting guard, and had strolled in the evening on the

ramparts of the antiquated fortress which stands overlooking the Moray Firth. I sat upon a moss-covered wall, and idly watched the soft lapping waves as they were swept and tumbled by an unseen hand, when my thoughts were turned by the skirl of pipes, and a piper passed behind me. He turned in his beat, and continued to pace up and down the rampart. The music was well played. I turned to view the player, and he marched on for some minutes. Then he stopped, and stood alert before me, smiling. "Will ye hae muir music, sirr?" the piper said. (He was a little lad.) That was an unusual experience for me. I asked him his name, and some usual questions. He was pleased, and chattered away merrily, an unspoilt soul. Then his mind sped on, and he said suddenly, to finish a conversation which perhaps he felt had exceeded the courtesy of military discipline: "Noo, I will play." I watched him fill the bag and retune the pipes, his pink cheeks growing scarlet to the effort, while brown eyes, puckered in merriment, twinkled at me over the chanter. He played a solemn march, swinging his kilt with all the swagger of a pipe-major, followed by a rollicking reel in which a neat leg and toe throbbed to the excitement of the dance. "Noo, I'll run, sirr," he said in apology for an ending and dismissal; and sped away to the steps leading down to the barrack square. He wavered a moment as if in doubt, then laid down his pipes and came running back to me. "I forgot to salute ye, sirr. I'm sorry, sirr, ye see," he spoke slowly, "I was thinking aboot something else."

"Well, what was it?" I said.

He hesitated and looked at me searchingly. "I'm a wee bit lonely, sirr," and as a tear stole into an eye, he set his lips and choked back a sob; "ye spoke to me just like my dad. I kenned ye might be lonely, too."

I rose and put my hand on his shoulder, thinking the lad was homesick; so in spite of his popularity he was lonely. "When you're feeling like that, sonny," I said, perhaps a little awkwardly, for this request was something new to my military experience, "come and have a yarn."

"Thank ye, sirr," he said smiling; "I will that." Then he saluted and ran, picked up the pipes, looked at me a moment, saluted again, or perhaps he waved, and bounded

down the steps. During several months I saw him often after that. Despite an upbringing largely in the streets, and a life among a soldiery who swear like troopers, he possessed a most artless innocence. His belief in human charity was both astonishing and profound. He knew neither guile nor self-seeking; he was high-spirited, imaginative, and spiritual without sentiment. His sense of humour moved at high speed; his quaint remarks and original observations would keep me bubbling with mirth. We used to tramp the heather together kicking up a hare or snipe, and he would race my spaniel to retrieve the game; or we would sit for hours fishing in the loch. Then, he carried my pipe banner, the highest honour. During the summer we were engaged in manœuvres. I went to Africa for eight months on special duty, but every week brought a letter from Peter, who had endowed me with parental responsibility. And his letters were, I think, a perfect exemplar of what such letters should be. And then upon the horizon came the lowering clouds of war. In the first days of August the regiment was rushed to Le Cateau. I was far away, but hurried under orders back to Capetown where I took ship.

As our great liner—now transformed to a troopship, having taken two battalions from Gibraltar on board—came up Channel under escort to Southampton Water, the first detailed message of the battle was received. My heart beat with excitement as I heard it read by a ship's officer. I don't remember the details, only "Inverness-shires badly cut up." I stood by the ship's rail bewildered, stunned, afraid. What had always been possible, though I had never even considered it, had happened. I should never see my friends again, the regiment had failed. Magersfontein re-enacted. An officer of the Gloucesters took my arm. "Bad luck, old man," he said. "It may not be as bad as it sounds." I awaited disembarkation with impatience, then rushed to the depot. I saw my mother for a few hours, and then, with a draft of elderly reservists—the only men trained as ready for the field—crossed the Channel for the first time. I joined the regiment as it emerged from the further tragedies of Le Maisnil and Ploegsteert. The officers and men were almost wholly strangers to me. I had joined a

new regiment. It was like beginning all over again; and later, as the years went by, how often did we not begin again and carry through somehow in a short week all that training and fashioning of comradeship upon a matchless tradition and *esprit de corps*?

I inquired for Peter. I feared he might have perished or have been captured to languish like so many in a bitter camp at Elberfeld or in Silesia, but learnt that after Le Cateau the boys had been sent far from the battle line, west of Paris. The need for men was now so urgent that even the lads were ordered to rejoin their units. We were billeted in the lunatic asylum in Armentières, which in those November days in the first months of war was almost intact, except for a great gaping wound in the eastern wing, from which the furnishings hung grotesquely as a warning. The shops were open and doing a brisk trade. Mademoiselle of every age was everywhere. Famous Flemish names, some reminding me of those great Huguenot families which have for years become a part of England, were writ above the textile factories—Vaterlow and Jaques, and others. We were everywhere welcome; the town was *en fête*, I remember. I was standing outside the great portico of the asylum as a new draft drew up. Peter, among them, spied me first when, to order, they stood easy while a sergeant sought the adjutant for posting and billeting instructions. He broke the ranks and ran towards me. He saluted, a happy grin stretching from ear to ear. We shook hands. What a handshake that was! Of course, I claimed him. In those first months the pomp of war had been bent before its dire necessity. The luxury of bagpipes and pipers gave way to the need of rifles. Peter became my batman, a faithful servant, a friend and counsellor, an ever-present companion to give me confidence in the darkness of a dangerous night, and good cheer, when fortune favoured a visit to battalion headquarters, and a quick run along the disused tramway from Houplines to Armentières to refresh the company mess-box and perchance a bath. This last was the lad's discovery. He took me one day to a great house, in the Rue Denis. The occupants had retired to Paris, but an elderly housekeeper remained as the perfect hostess. There was a

luxurious bathroom, hot water, bath towels, and afterwards hot chocolate and biscuits in the little salon, while Madame Marle prattled of the war and of what had been before. And then one day the Germans shelled the town. The more timid shopkeepers closed their stores, and put up great shutters before the windows. Several houses in Houplines and upon the fringe of the town were hit. Bois Grenier in one day became a shambles, and deserted, the dead being left where they had fallen at their daily task until extricated and buried by kindly British hands. And as I bathed, with Peter in attendance, a monstrous explosion tore the side of the house, scattering glass and plaster throughout the bathroom. That was the end of bathing in luxury. Thereafter we took pot luck in the steam at a dyeworks at Erquinghem—a military improvization, part laundry and delousing station conducted by Belgian girls, part bathing establishment in which whole companies of naked men passed in solemn procession beneath the squirtings of a feeble shower of water or bathed in great vats of variable temperature. There was not much fighting in these early trench days. Our field guns would fire two or three rounds each day at buildings in the enemy's line from which well-posted snipers peppered us; or, perhaps, would save the meagre supply of ammunition for a salvo. There was vigorous sniping and machine-guns, but the crescendo of battle had yet to come.

One day Peter, after a venturesome journey to a farmhouse almost within the lines to acquire fresh eggs, came running to tell me that a new gun, the largest he had ever seen, had been installed on the roadside beside Ration Farm. An artillery subaltern with a box periscope appeared in the lines and asked me what was the most annoying feature of the enemy's landscape. I described a house with a green shutter. He raised the periscope, and a moment later a loud crack in the air beside the periscope indicated the vigilance of a sniper from this vantage point. "Mother will blot that out in a moment," said the gunner, and telephoned to a comrade directing gunfire. We waited in excited expectancy, Peter bobbing his glengarry upon a straw-filled sandbag above the trench line to attract the prowess and ambition of the

marksman. In a moment there was a loud thud, the hiss of a passing shell; and a cloud of pink brickdust obscured the house with the green shutter. When the cloud passed before a light wind, a ragged hole remained where the shutter had been. "Mother" had accomplished a sound spanking. Later another similar gun appeared. We gave it the nickname of "Baby," and both Mother and Baby did well. The days and nights in those sodden trenches were without event. We dug continuously in the clinging clay in an effort to defeat the rising water. During December the rain streamed down upon us. The trenches had been transformed into dykes, which no scheme of drainage could empty. We shed our sodden, mud-cloaked kilts, and waded through the knee-deep quagmire with bare feet and in our shirt tails, or we would rest and sleep fitfully in narrow scoops cut in the walls of half trench, half breastwork, just above the Plimsoll line. There was one night in Willow trench, when, as I snatched a little sleep in the dark, still hours of early morning, while Peter took his turn on guard, there was a wild cry: "The dam's burst." One of the many tributaries of the River Lys had broken its embankment. Peter dragged me from the dugout into which torrents of water were pouring and we ran along the open ground, extricating men half drowned, the old maxim gun, of which I then had charge, and ammunition. Three men perished before we were able to raise the heavy roof of a dugout which prevented their escape. The German trenches, too, were flooded The cheerless, rain-swept morning found two companies of Inverness-shires seated upon a parapet, with such poor cover as may be provided by empty ammunition boxes, and sheets of corrugated iron, facing two companies of a Saxon regiment in a similar predicament. They waved feebly to us.

By mutual, though unwritten, consent, an armistice was declared, and within a few yards of each other, the opposing forces built their breastworks. For three weeks not a gun was fired, not a shot heard. Peter and I occupied a timber structure, one of those prepared by the engineers in mass production, in form like a hencoop. My company placed these in line, and, by night, the candle light of some hundred or more such habitations, which

stretched between the Rue de Bois and Bois Grenier, could be observed from the enemy side, twinkling through the cracks between the timbers. A hard frost descended, and we would stand in that Tom Tiddler's ground, just our own side of the growing Saxon fortification, watching them at work. One day Peter, with complete unconcern, borrowed a great wooden mallet with which to drive the baulks of timber destined to hold a flimsy parapet; and he returned it, too.

Came Christmas with gifts from the King and the card of their Majesties: "May God protect you and bring you safe home"; boxes of chocolate from Princess Mary, monster cakes from home, and bags filled with comforts made by quiet, unassuming women who had transformed their country houses into workrooms. And there were gifts from wives and sweethearts. I bought for Peter a new pipe. He was a great pipe smoker, a fact which, in a cigarette era, was remarkable. But it was evidence of character, the desire to be regarded as a man, despite his years. Then five days' leave came to me, my first. I pleaded with the Colonel for another pass, and it was granted. Peter came with me to the luxury of white sheets, bright firesides, warm baths, and the mellow quietness of warm hearts.

There was a glorious snowy week-end with friends amid the Surrey hills. Peter played his pipes during dinner and danced to make glad the heart of village children. In those days a kilted soldier was an uncommon sight away from Aldershot or Salisbury Plain. And then we journeyed back across the Channel, followed by a long day of jolting in a draughty overladen train in which, huddled beneath a blanket bound round us for mutual warmth, we smoked and gossiped, or turned the pages of the illustrated magazines. At nightfall the wheezing, soot-spitting train dumped us at St. Omer, and we discovered a little hotel, its dining-room, bedrooms, and couches already overfilled with officers and their batmen going to the blessed relief of leave, or returning from it; and we pillowed our heads on packs beneath the billiard table, wrapping a blanket round us against the draught from the ever-opening door. We found the regiment in rest billets. Peter sought a better billet than the

rude floor of an artisan's kitchen prescribed for me and my valise, and found a bakery. There was a great warm oven in which bread for the village of L'Armée and the surrounding farmhouses was baked between the hours of four and six in the morning. Peter carried my valise and spread it upon the flour bags, as comfortable a resting-place in that welcome warmth as ever I have known.

The pleasant, peaceful days of armistice came to a sudden bitter end. Stern orders from the General Staff ended "fraternization," and someone flung a bomb. The inferno recommenced and new types of bombs, minnenwerfer, and grenades nested themselves behind the breastwork, which possessed no protection against the back blow of either these missiles or that of shells. An operation, too, had been planned to take place on our right flank at the La Bassée Canal. There was no secrecy about it. Every peasant knew, and expected therefrom immediate deliverance from the pestilential interference with ploughing immediately behind our breastworks. One farmer at least, with complete indifference to the quarrel, neither of his seeking nor his making, would walk the furrows stolidly for hours behind a great white *percheron* as stolid as himself. His fields were never sown, but I think the Germans showed his attractive target a most kindly tolerance, though he had his warnings, and eventually, despite loud protestation, the old man was removed by British authority.

Batmen differed from each other in the exactness with which they fulfilled their offices. Scarcely a man had been trained to the duties of such service. All good fellows, my batmen in other walks had been an insurance clerk, a foundry worker, a gas-meter collector, and a silversmith; and those four who succeeded each other, and fell away through wounds, are back at their old trades today, respectively in an office in Norwich, on Clydebank, in the streets of Tottenham, and in a Birmingham factory. For what qualities were they chosen? I think, cheerfulness and an unassuming friendliness which took complete possession of the necessary, though often inconvenient, affairs of life. In such things Peter's service was priceless. No matter at what hour I would

return to the cubby hole for sleep, it was as dry and as warm as human ingenuity could devise. Eggs and small comforts he conjured from behind the lines without any promptings from me. He would drag the lice from a kilt by inserting in its pleats a pronged fork heated in a brazier, while I made a neat report, or wrote instructions for the work after dark. He would arrange my notebook with carbons between its pages, clean my maps and instruments; prepare a varied menu from interminable bread, plum-and-apple jam, and the sickly meat and vegetable ration. He would clean my limited wardrobe, wash and mend the socks and shirts, keep me supplied with tobacco, dry my boots and stockings. The batman was *multum in parvo* to his charge, omnipresent, yet ubiquitous—"Where's my shaving water?" and it came steaming in a tin mug from which he had hastily thrown his own cup of tea. "I want to wash," and two hands beneath a bowed head would bear an empty biscuit tin filled with hot water which may have taken an hour's heating over the embers of recalcitrant coke, blown to a red heat by a batman's lungs. "Find me some cigarettes." The batman would retire, take the last packet from his tunic, and return unselfishly smiling. And he would run when his officer went over the top, and fight by his side. When the officer dropped, the batman was beside him.

The Inverness-shires went back to the line on February 28. Our rôle was to fire over the breastwork to occupy the attention of German infantry and gunners, while the operation to our right flank was carried out. We spent two days in preparation. This at last was battle, or so Peter, in the innocence of his heart, thought it. There would be the whole panoply of war—men, like leaden soldiers with rifles at the shoulder, firing over the breast-high battlements. He was greatly excited. My revolver was cleaned anew, his rifle glistened with oil under the pale sun, equipment cleaned, cheeks washed and rosy in the fresh air. I made a tour of the breastwork line, along which I moved bent double lest a bullet should find my head. And little Peter followed me with quick observation, and a reminder for any part in the instructions overlooked. The sergeants and the corporals knew him. Often, unknown to me, he would go back, elucidate

a point not fully grasped, and pass a wise hint to a defaulter, but he was discreet. My secrets he jealously guarded as his own, and he knew them all—the hopes, the fears, the trials and anxieties, the difficulties with a command aloof and unsympathetic, the wants and needs, the whole life from day to day of a regimental officer.

Then, on the second of March, the hour came, and we fired furiously and aimlessly. Not a head appeared as a target, yet bullets whistled past our ears or thudded in the sand-bagged emplacement. Men began to fall shot through the head. The empty futility of the performance caught some; they sank their heads below the parapet and snapped their rifles in the air over the breastwork. I think this was wisdom, but my duty was to keep the men erect. I ran up and down behind the breastwork prodding the men to sterner action and fiercer fire. A furious noise filled the air from our flank at La Bassée. Peter, spick and span, clean hose tops, bright cap badge and buttons, brushed as if for guard at Edinburgh Castle, ran beside me, or stood his eyes glowing in ecstasy beside the purring Vickers gun, the first in our possession. I ran to the telephone to tell them at Battalion Headquarters that we were wasting life and ammunition shooting at no visible enemy; and as I lifted the receiver, a loud crack stunned my ears. Peter fell quietly beside me, a smile still on his lips. I dropped the telephone; the sickening shooting still went on. I held his hands a moment as a soul winged its way from that horror. Then I covered him; there was nothing man could do. Little Peter had bidden me farewell.

Many philosophers have invested the quality of friendship with noble words. That of the batman expressed itself by little acts of vigilant kindness. Opportunities for the rendering of trifling services and for the doing of kindnesses were for ever present, every hour and every day. The batman's attitude was one of self-subordination, and he tarried neither to consider the worthiness of his charge nor the nature of the service asked. He gave freely, the man of humble origin and pursuit, to one at least temporarily exalted with authority. By his ready service, words and gestures he won affection, by his forethought and unknown sacrifices he penetrated

quietly and unobtrusively into the heart of the master of his goings and of his comings. And among such men Peter was incomparable—a paladin, the friend in need, the friend of perfection. I have no words with which to write an epitaph, neither poetry nor prose. I knew him as one incapable of fear, of stainless honour, sincere, modest, undefiled, unselfish, his mind a veritable garden of flowers in which were blooms of matchless purity and fragrance, its paths overhung everywhere with the red roses of sacrifice. Peter's memory is engraven on my heart.

I turn to my diary, written nearly fourteen years ago. —"8th March. By night I carried a wreath in the shape of a cross and some root plants, to Peter's grave. Under the walls of a little farmhouse lies a little bullet-swept cemetery, filled with green mounds and white wooden crosses. The turf is torn by many shell holes, and the air is rent with the sound of bullets; but when the ride of victorious battle has swept forward, in the quiet of a summer evening will the flowers close their eyes in prayer that peace may be with those poor lads who knew so little of peace in death. And when the winter's storm robs the blossoms of their life, and as the flowers—those silent sentinels—droop at their post and die, so will the roots, taking firm hold, live and maintain the vigil. Even so the body dies, but the soul lives for ever."

There is a port beyond the farthest sea,
  Whose placid harbour evermore invites;
Across its waters gleam no signal lights,
  And solemn silence reigns unceasingly.
And for that distant port the great, the small,
  Aye, all of us alike shall steer in vain,
When, tossed upon life's ever restless main,
  We drink from memory's bitter cup of gall.
But ever faring on, and on, and on
  By day and night, in futile quest, we see
Before us, where the other ships have gone,
  The trackless vastness of eternity.
Where is the port? Ah, we can only guess—
  —The Silent City of Forgetfulness.

Entry in my diary. Bois Grenier. March, 8, 1915.

The Lone Man

By John Leslie

MAGGIE GAYNER stood with one hand resting on the crossbar of the little green-painted gate. Her grave eyes were fixed patiently on the spot where the road swung into sight round the corner of the tumble-down cowshed, a hundred yards to her left.

The house was still known as Trehallion Farm, though it had long since been sold away from its land, and it was the best part of a century since the body of the last Trehallion had been washed up on the beach at Merval Porth. Now a few wooden tables and benches under a creeper-covered arbour at the end of the garden and a card inscribed with the words "Teas—Lemonade," which hung from a nail in one of the gate-posts, proclaimed the purpose to which it had been put. In spite of the fact that it lay off the recognized motor-charabanc routes, a good number of hungry and thirsty people found their way to Trehallion Farm during the summer months. Sometimes, too, a city couple in search of restfulness and rusticity would take the best bedroom and the front parlour for a week or two. For such couples Maggie Gayner would cater inexpensively and with a nicely calculated lavishness which invariably left them well-satisfied and herself a sovereign or so in hand. Her profits were not large, but from stray boarders and teas she made enough to provide against the winters. Her wants were simple; the house was her own; and the life contented her. An ample woman, slow of movement and sparing of words, she had lived at Trehallion Farm for more than thirty years: for twenty-six she had been its mistress: but her speech still retained the flavour of the East Anglian village in which she had been born and in which she had spent her childhood. For this reason, more than for any other, she was still known at St. Merval as "the foreigner's daughter."

Maggie Carter had been barely sixteen when her widowed mother had brought her into Cornwall. What motive lay behind this westward move, Maggie never knew. Mrs. Carter was taciturn by nature and seldom troubled to answer questions which she termed "bothersome." Her daughter, who was incurious, soon gave up

the asking about the matter. "Whys" and "wherefores" held no attraction for her: she accepted facts.

So, for thirty-two years, she had lived at Trehallion Farm, going about her business of providing teas and catering for boarders with a slow stolidity that won her few friends and no enemies. Only once in all that time had she passed more than a few hours away from the protection of her own roof. She was twenty-five then, and her mother had been dead for some three years. She had warned no one of her going. One morning Jenkin, the St. Merval baker, calling as usual with the bread, found the house locked up and deserted: there was no card hanging on the gate-post and wooden shutters covered the windows. For just on two years Trehallion Farm stood staring blindly at the road, tenantless and inhospitable, while weeds grew rank in the garden, choking the flowers, and disappointed tourists turned away from the gate to seek their teas elsewhere. Then, as unexpectedly as she had gone, "the foreigner's daughter" had returned, as large-limbed and uncommunicative as before, but with her name changed from Maggie Carter to Maggie Gayner, and carrying in her arms a male child—thirteen months old, as she said. "And big for his age," she added to the gossip who surveyed young Matthew Gayner from the far side of the hedge.

Gradually, as time wore on, and the tourists, attracted by the card which now hung permanently on the gate-post returned to purchase tea and cream and home-made jam at Trehallion Farm, St. Merval village came to forget that she had ever been away. The presence of young Matthew, which might reasonably have been expected to act as a reminder, was almost overlooked. From the very first, Maggie Gayner adopted the habit of dumping him down in some unobtrusive corner and leaving him for hours at a stretch to his own devices. She never crooned over the child, never played with him, contenting herself with seeing to his practical necessities. She prepared his food, fed him, put him to bed—all with the same composed and leisurely precision with which she spread cloths and laid out tea-things on the wooden tables in the arbour at the end of the garden. For the

rest, young Matthew had perforce to fend for himself. Even when he cried—which was seldom—he attracted no extra attention.

When the boy reached an age to attend the council school at the cross-roads beyond the village, Maggie Gayner was no more demonstrative. In the morning she would give him his breakfast and send him off with a pocketful of dry biscuits: at sunset she would set out tea or supper, according to the season, and then walk slowly to the garden gate to await his return. She never expected him back during the daytime. She never inquired what he had done with himself after leaving the class-room, and it was rarely that the boy told her. But, wet or fine, dusk found her standing, patient and motionless, at the gate. At the first sound of his footsteps she would nod her head slowly as if to express satisfaction, and as his sturdy figure swung into sight round the bend of the road, she would turn and, as unhurriedly as she had come, precede him back into the house. Later, after the evening meal, which he usually ate in almost complete silence, the boy would mutter a scarcely audible "good-night" and make his way upstairs, while Maggie Gayner would stoop composedly over the plates and dishes in the kitchen sink. They never kissed.

At school young Matthew made no friends. Never actually at the bottom of his class, he was never within a dozen places of the top. As self-contained as his mother, he appeared to take only the most perfunctory interest in his lessons. He took no part whatever in the games and bickerings of the other boys. As soon as work was done for the day, he would stride out over the hills and be lost to sight. Not until dusk would he reappear in the road leading to Trehallion Farm.

The only perceptible difference leaving school made to Matthew was that it gave him more time in which to explore the countryside. He made no attempt to find a job, and Maggie Gayner, true to her policy of non-interference, never even suggested that he should find one. But he still went out every morning from Trehallion Farm with a pocketful of biscuits. Now, however, he wandered far afield. He was seen at various points on

the coast from St. Agnes to Trevose Head. Inland, the tin-miners of Redruth came to know him by sight, as did the farm labourers of the wooded district about Truro and the china-clay workers on the moors above St. Austell. Yet, however far he wandered, sunset always found Matthew within a mile or two of Trehallion Farm. Every evening Maggie Gayner, waiting at the gate in the gathering dusk, nodded her head slowly as she heard the steady beat of his hobnailed boots on the road beyond the bend. In all the sixteen years since the day on which he had first gone to school, he had never once kept her waiting for longer than about fifteen minutes.

This evening, for the first time, he was late. More than two hours ago the sun had sunk behind the broken, irregular line of the Gwindra sandhills: the last lingering traces of daylight had faded from the sky. Westward over Perranporth the stars shone like candle flames in a breathless dome of deep, deep blue. And Maggie Gayner, her broad face placid and expressionless as a red moon, still waited.

He came at last. Her quick ears caught the sound of his footsteps far up the road, and she nodded slowly to herself; but she did not move from her position at the gate until she could distinguish the outlines of his figure—tall now and powerful. Then turning, she led the way unhurriedly back into the house.

He ate his supper in silence, seldom lifting his eyes from the plate before him; but to-night he sat on at the table long after he had finished eating. He seemed wrapped in his own thoughts, and Maggie Gayner, clearing away the supper things with slow sure movements, did not disturb him. She knew instinctively that he had something to tell her: she was content to wait.

It came suddenly, without warning. His voice rose out of nothingness, neither loud nor low, but steady and emotionless, stating a fact.

"I'll be bringing Ann Simonds across here in the next week or two."

Maggie Gayner put the dish she was carrying quietly down in the bottom of the sink. Then, moving towards the range on which a kettle was singing, she said:

"You'll be marrying her, then?"

"Ay. Reckon I must."

Maggie lifted the kettle from the fire and returned with it to the sink and poured its contents over the plates and dishes which she had removed from the table. She spoke straight in front of her into a cloud of steam.

"When did it happen?"

"Night four months back. Up on Gwindra sands. Reckon I must ha' been a bit out o' mind like."

"Maybe. 'Tisn't for me to judge 'ee, lad—nor her." She picked up a plate from the hot water, and, holding it lightly between her broad hands, looked at him for a few seconds over her shoulder. "Not as how I thought that you'd go young to the altar."

"Nor I," he said, and frowned. "'Twas madman's work, I tell 'ee."

Maggie wiped the plate with her dish-cloth and, laying it down to drain, picked up another. When she spoke again, her voice sounded almost absent, as if her mind were more than half-centred on her work.

"You're treating her right."

"Seems so." He paused, staring sullenly down at the table. Presently he explained: "I saw her to-night: she'd been waiting for me. She told me th' ould 'un 'ud put her out o' the house if I wouldn't take her to church. Mighty strict he is, since he's taken up wi' they chapel folk."

"And you promised?"

"Ay....I'll be in to Truro for th' licence to-morr'r morn." He pushed back his chair suddenly and stood up. His frown deepened.

"Madman's work," he muttered again. "'Twarn't as if I'd ha' meant aught.... And I be a lone man."

Maggie Gayner did not see him leave the room. She kept her back resolutely turned on the door. Mechanically she continued to wipe the dish which she was holding, rubbing it over and over again long after it was dry. She heard the stair boards creak under the tread of his stockinged feet, the opening and shutting of his attic door. The sounds of his undressing drifted to her ears as if from an immense distance. Without realizing what she was doing, she put down the dish at last and

pulled a wooden armchair towards the range. Then, turning down the lamp, she watched the flame at the wick jump up the glass chimney, flicker and die out.

Her thoughts moved slowly. "A lone man....a lone man....a lone man!" The phrase beat on her brain like a dully throbbing pulse. A lone man! So *he* had called himself. How long ago was it? Twenty years? More; nearer twenty-three! It was almost the last thing he had said to her—up there above her head in the big back bedroom. The window had just begun to show itself as a square of dim grey, she remembered. Soon afterwards she had been able to make out the curve of his full lips as he smiled down on her from beside the bed. A lone man! Well, perhaps, he had been just that: she could believe that he had. And now Matthew!—Like father, like son. There was some truth in the old saying, it seemed.

She wondered dimly now how it was that he had conquered her so easily. She had never thought much about morality, and even in those days had harboured a kind of placid inarticulate contempt for the religion of churches and chapels; but she had instinctively held aloof from the menfolk amongst her neighbours. She had supposed that sometime she would marry, but, stolidly contented with her lot, she had been in no hurry to choose a husband. Possessing little imagination, man in the abstract had seldom entered her thoughts.

So far as she could remember, she had been thinking of nothing at all when he stepped through the little gate into the garden. It was within a few minutes of sunset and she was gathering up the cloth from the deserted wooden tables. A footstep on the flagged path attracted her attention, and she turned to face him.

He made a queer figure, standing there draped about in a long black cloak with a wide-brimmed hat pushed carelessly back from his forehead. She had never before seen anybody dressed like that; but from the moment of their meeting she scarcely noticed his clothes. His face was turned full towards the sunset, and his wide, unblinking eyes seemed to be looking through her away into the far distance. His full-lipped, scarlet mouth was set in a faint smile, and his ears were oddly pointed

like those of a faun. His eyes dropped, roving with a kind of indifferent appraisement over the bold lines of her limbs and her full bosom. She became acutely aware of her own body.

He said: "You can give me tea?" and his low, purring voice sent a shiver through her.

Sitting down, he watched her in silence as she prepared the meal. She did not dare look at him, but each time that she approached the table she was conscious of his gaze. Her fingers trembled as she handled the plates. A vague sense of fear welled up in her, possessing her mind. For the first time in her life she knew the meaning of panic.

She escaped from him at last, leaving him to his tea. But the big kitchen looked strangely lonely and full of deep shadows. She turned from it and fled up the stairs to her bedroom. With her heavy limbs stretched full length on the bed, she buried her face in the pillow, striving to shut out the pictures which crowded unbidden before her closed eyes. Terror gripped her. She drew up her knees, huddling her body closer together, and fought down an impulse to shriek aloud.

Suddenly the terror passed, and she realized that she was quivering with excitement. Her fingers caught the corner of a blanket and twisted it into a hard knot. Her mouth felt dry and burning. She lifted her head from the pillow and paused for a moment to listen. Then, turning over, she lay with her eyes fixed on the door—waiting . . . .

Maggie Gayner pushed back her chair impatiently, and rose to her feet. She muttered: "There's them as says the devil still walks the earth." Then, dismissing her memories, she added: "Reckon Matthew 'll want his breakfast early to-morrer. It's a goodish step from here to Truro." With slow, practised movements, she threaded her way between chairs and table to the door.

In the morning she was up with the sun. When Matthew entered the living-room an hour later, he found his breakfast ready and waiting.

As usual she greeted him in silence and with a slow smile. Without a word spoken they sat down at opposite ends of the table and ate their meal. Silently and without fuss or hurry she attended to his wants. It was

not until his plate and cup were finally emptied that she spoke.

She said then: "You'll be off for the licence?"

He nodded sullenly: "Ay."

"Then I reckon as you'll be wanting money."

"Reckon so."

Maggie left her seat and opened a tin canister which stood on the mantelpiece. She came back and handed him a thin roll of notes. He looked at it speculatively.

"They'm more'n I need."

"Maybe. But you'd best see after the ring whiles you're about it. And the girl 'll be expectin' a present of some sort. Wimmen al'ays do."

He nodded again, put the money in his pocket, and turned towards the door.

"Thank 'ee."

She called him back.

"You're not agoing without your biscuits?"

She filled his pocket and then went across to the window to watch him as he swung with long, slow strides down the garden path and out into the road.

All that day, Maggie went placidly about her work. Every now and then she would pause for a few moments and nod her head as though contented with her thoughts. "A good boy," she murmured once. "He be treating her right."

She took up her position by the gate rather earlier than usual. But as time dragged on, her broad face was undarkened by any shadow of impatience. The sun went down; one by one the stars jewelled the sky; and still she waited with her eyes fixed on the bend of the road.

She was still standing there when Farmer Tullock, driving home late from St. Columb market, pulled up in front of Trehallion Farm.

"Woa, mare! Woa, ole gal!....You be waitin' for th' boy, sure-ly?"

She agreed indifferently.

The farmer sat, a huge indistinct figure, behind the lights of his jingle. His face was lost in a patch of deep shadow, and his jovial voice seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Maggie was dimly conscious of a faint smell of beer.

"I saw 'n today," he said.

"You've been round Truro way, then?"

"No. 'Twas out on th' Bodmin road, near up to Trevarren."

"On the Bodmin road?" Maggie's voice was expressionless.

"Iss. Youm 'll wait a powerful long time for 'un I'm thinking. He mun ha' bin nigh twenty mile from here an' goin' t'other way. There was a great tall chap wi'un, an' they were beatin' the pilm out o' th' road like as tho' they'm were in a hurry to see a fire."

Maggie's fingers closed fiercely round the gate-post. Fear seized her, and only with a tremendous effort could she keep her voice steady to ask:—

"What kind of lookin' chap was it along o' my Matthew?"

The farmer seemed to hesitate.

"Can't say I tuk much notice o' his face," he said doubtfully. "Hows'ever, I reckon as he don't live hereabouts; leastways I never seed 'un afore. But—meanin' no disrespect ef et be as you know 'un—there were a janjansy kind o' look 'bout 'n, as ef he 'ud lived twic'd the time he ought. An' he were dressed up in a long black cloak an' wi' a hat on top of 'un wi' a brim as wide as a tombstone. Looked as tho' he mon't ha' bin a nactor...."

Farmer Tullock, made friendly by the ale he had drunk before leaving St. Columb and with his power of description enhanced, continued at some length; but Maggie heard no more. Her question had been answered. She knew, now, who had been Matthew's companion, knew, too, that the boy had gone for good. He would never come back—never....

As if from the midst of a thick fog she heard the farmer give her good-night, the crack of his whip, the rumble of his receding wheels. It was no good waiting any longer, she told herself. Matthew would never come. Slowly she turned and walked heavily back up the flagged path to the farmstead.

At the door she paused and spoke aloud.

"He've gone, Annie. Best come and bide with me, my dear. We be two of a kind."

The Britannia Hut

By Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C.

THE Britannia Hut, situated at a height of over 10,000 ft. on the Klein Allalin between Saas and Zermatt, will be formally reopened on Sunday, August 25. Originally presented by the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club to the S.A.C. in 1912, it has become the Mecca of British climbers in summer, and of ski-ers during the winter months; and it is also increasingly popular with climbers and ski-ers of varied nationalities—Swiss, German, Austrian, Italian, American, who make of Switzerland their holiday playground. During last summer more than 1,500 persons were accommodated in this old refuge, and nearly 200 ski-ers during the winter.

Britons provided the Britannia Hut. As they have been the pioneers of many other forms of exploration and endeavour, so men of our race may be truly said to have been the first in the field of Alpine climbing, as witness the conquest of the Matterhorn and the expeditions to Mount Everest. It is fitting that this should have been so, for mountaineering demands at once physical endurance and mental courage of a high order, and such traditionally have been the characteristics of the British race. The buffetings of mighty winds, Nature in her grandest and fiercest mood, have sought to overthrow this permanent memorial to the feats of British mountaineers, in a land infinitely friendly. It was apparent some years ago that the old hut must not only be increased in its capacity for housing the guests of the mountains, but must be reconstructed of good stone and heavy timber, if it were to stand against storm and tempest, and the extremes of temperature. An appeal was made therefore by the Swiss Alpine Club to its British members to produce the funds for enlargement and reconstruction.

Climbers are not ordinarily drawn from the ranks of industrial magnates or the plutocracy. For the most part, they have been, and still are, schoolmasters, soldiers, Civil Servants, parsons, professional men, journalists, and students. It is perhaps a curious commentary that this

arduous pastime, fraught with physical difficulty and danger, demanding iron nerves and self-control, and offering no tangible rewards or championships, attracts those whose chief reward in other walks of life is the satisfaction of service whole-heartedly given and faithfully performed, and who in their leisure hours prefer year after year to test their physical and mental quality and to resume the daily task with confidence renewed and with physique braced to the standard of youth. Such men and women, too, find inspiration in the quiet grandeur of the Alps and rediscover the exhilaration of conquest and achievement in general denied to them in their daily task, whereas the man of affairs throughout his life gives battle and enjoys the mental satisfaction of his victories. The fact remains that for the most part the funds contributed have, therefore, come from thin-lined purses; and though the Britannia Hut is to be reopened, the funds are not yet complete. Britons have continued to set up milestones in mountaineering achievement. Last year Mr. G. Winthrop Young, who lost his leg in the war, succeeded in mastering the Matterhorn, while Professor Graham Brown and Mr. F. S. Smythe, between August 6 and 8, surmounted Mont Blanc by the new route across the Brenva Face in the minimum of time without guides. An Englishwoman, Dr. Jordan Lloyd, for the first time climbed the Eiger by the hazardous Mittellegi route and descended again in one day; while Miss Maud Cairnay made an entirely new ascent of Dent Blanche by its eastern flank, described by Edward Whymper, the pioneer of mountaineering, as one of the most difficult climbs. An English public-school boy of only fifteen years of age accompanied the writer to the summit of Dent Blanche under most unfavourable weather conditions, this being the first occasion upon which any lad so young has accomplished this hazardous climb. So far as the British are concerned, the reopening of the Britannia Hut will be the outstanding event, though doubtless with the precedent of last year's feats, those who will congregate in the Saas Valley to do honour to this British achievement will mark the reopening in the annals of mountaineering by new and pioneer conquest.

Supreme over every mountaineering association remains the Alpine Club. It should be realized for what the Alpine Club stands in these new days where the direction is always towards greater ease and comfort, and wherein the clamour of the market-place seeks to subordinate every institution, every human aspiration, every ideal, to the satisfaction of the insatiable appetite of Moloch. The Alpine Club is, I believe I am right in saying, the only club in this country, probably in the world, the test of whose membership, indeed, the only test admitted, is that of having through personal endurance, sacrifice, and with mental and physical courage, attained to a standard rigidly set and never departed from.

The test required for the Alpine Club is to have conquered not one supreme Alpine peak, but many; not in one district, but in several; not of snow alone, not of ice alone, not of rock alone, but of all three. No money can purchase membership; no social status provides the entrance password; no political bias, no scientific or artistic qualification, no special learning is, or can be, the "open sesame." Quality as mountaineers is, as it has always been, the only qualification. A cynic said that no one can become a member of the Alpine Club until he has one foot in the grave. If this is true, surely it is not wholly unsuitable. I can believe that those about to die will like to feel that they have some hope of going to Heaven, and I am sure that the members of the Alpine Club in the fastnesses of Savile Row must often secretly have congratulated themselves as a body that they have already collectively approached nearer Heaven than any other association of their fellow-men. And they have been nearer death individually, risked it deliberately, as the *raison d'être* of the club—almost a suicide club—than those of any other club or association in the world.

This year will refocus British interest in Alpine climbing, and it is to be hoped that in the Alps will be seen especially many parties of younger folk in physical perfection, with their furnishings of ice-axes, ropes, rucksacks, heavily-nailed boots, and picturesque loose clothing following in the footsteps of the pioneers.

Hamburg

By K. M. Hitchcox

In Schumann's, that restaurant above rubies on the Alster, one winter night, I heard one German say to another: "Hamburg is the most conventional city in Germany." He was right, but for all her conventionality, she is the very soul of the new Germany—not too opulent—not upstart.

From the houses of the very rich, remote, and standing high above the water, among dark trees, with their all too small gardens, to the narrow streets and waterways, all is conventional. Over the wide water one looks to the city: exquisite, dreamlike, with its pale green steeples against a winter sky. All the fir trees are of a size like the Prussian Guard; God seems to send the same amount of snow to cap each one. The mounted policeman on the Stefansplatz appears in his long cape to be made of green bronze, too. He brings to his duties no sense of humour as our police do, and his baton, as it swings to north and south, seems to beat out the words "Law and Order!" "Law and Order!" When Germany was down, I knew a different Hamburg—fear and dismay ran the cold streets. There was no laughter, only the voices of the newsboys for ever calling the price of the dollar, and weary-eyed shopmen rang up the bank before they would tell you the cost of a piece of Bohemian glass.

Today there is no fear, only a great and seemingly effortless activity, a grave certainty of success, of a lesson well learnt and taken to heart, of a great peril surmounted. Hamburg is herself again, just as a beautiful conventional woman might be who has come through an ordeal unscathed.

The English Mail

By Esther Hyman

THE veranda was a narrow platform, wire-meshed, that stretched the length of the wooden house. His canvas-seated chair, extended to its full length, was the only sign within view of any attempt at luxury or even comfort. The jalousied windows were bare of curtains, and their green paint had long since blistered and burned away in the fierce heat of the sun.

The house was raised on wooden piles, designed, no doubt, to prevent the irruption of snakes, but now providing a playground for the yellow and white mongrel pup that dug for bones in the sandy soil beneath the house. Occasionally, an emaciated hen laid an egg, which Toby, the dog, promptly annexed, since nobody had bothered to teach him that the delicacy was intended for his master. As for Culberson himself, he was too languid to teach deportment to an unmannerly pup.

He rang the rusty hand-bell for tea, and Toby, recognizing the signal, came and hunched his lean body by his master's side. Presently he began to whine and snivel at the delay, but Culberson was already absorbed in his languor before the thin negress shuffled round to him in her wooden clogs. Every living thing in the compound seemed thin; the hollow cheeks of the servant and the prominent bones of her neck were sure signs of some wearing disease.

Culberson noticed the disease signals with his usual savage irony. He himself, he thought, was lean—lean, because to female sentimentalists the word sounded better than "thin." Disease-ridden, they all were, he thought; Amanda, without doubt, tubercular; himself, rotten with malaria; even the yellow pup already showed signs of mange.

"Tea!" he said curtly to the woman. "And send the boy for letters."

"Yes, sah." But she knew and he knew how every week the boy tramped the two miles to the post-office, and back again empty-handed.

The woman went off, and presently returned with tea and bread-and-butter. She knew that he rather liked cake, but she rarely bothered to make it, because his apathy was too great for complaint, save in the occasional bursts of anger to which some trifle might unexpectedly arouse him.

"Has the boy gone for the letters?"

"Him soon go, sah."

"Well, let him hurry."

Not even a grin on her sallow face, though she knew how absurd was his eagerness, and must despise him for his pretence. English letters had never been plentiful; but he could at least have counted once upon two letters by every mail. Well, his mother had died—that generation had nearly all passed away by now. People wrote books that stood like milestones along the road to mark their passing—books like "The Forsyte Saga" and "The Duchess of Wrexe": the kind of books one had eagerly awaited when one still felt enthusiastic about books.

And Eileen had written weekly for a long while. When was she to come out?....and then, wasn't he coming home on leave?....and then reproaches for the rarity of his letters. And then her own becoming less regular....and then infrequent. Why should she write when he never replied? Her hurt pride had beaten like a flail against his indifference, until finally it had exhausted her. And so, silence.

Well, he hadn't wanted her out there. Nor, as time went on, had he wanted her anywhere at all. In fact, there was nothing he wished for, save to be left alone by life. His work in the heat and glare was occupation in plenty, and when towards tea-time he returned to his bungalow, he wanted nothing but rest. The mosquito gauze that was stretched from post to post of the veranda, giving a faint dimness to his vision of the world, was the exact counterpart of the barrier he placed between himself and life. It shut out intruders upon his peace and his rest; and it dimmed the vision just the

least little bit, so that outlines were not unbearably hard and clear to a sight already dazed by the day's hard glare.

Nevertheless, though he had, he felt, the utmost cynical contempt for those things other people consider necessities—comfort and good food and love and companionship—there was some kind of urge that made him send the four miles of the double journey between his house and the post-office whenever the English mail came in. The boy hadn't enough to do—let him work! But it wasn't that. There was a sardonic expectancy in awaiting Eileen's final letter—for some day surely a last letter must come, and it would amuse him to hear of her marriage, say; to know how she had consolidated her life. But it wasn't that. As for the outside world—well, he saw the English papers at the Club, whenever he could pluck up enough courage to go to town. So it wasn't that, either.

The mango trees shook little immature buds at his feet with a faint rattle. He looked down at them. They were like.... But his philosophy, he reflected, was becoming self-conscious. He would presently be finding a sentimental parallel to the dusk that was creeping over the hills, and dropping like a slowly-falling curtain down to the plain. The boy should be back by now. His heart beat with a faint excitement. Presently he could detect a dim figure through the twilight. He tried to pierce the growing darkness, but could not discover whether or not the swinging hand held a letter. A tremor of expectancy passed over him, making him a little sick.

"Any letters, boy?" he called, as soon as the lad was within hailing distance.

"No letters, sah!" said the boy.

* * * * *

Oh, well, there would be another mail next week.

The Three Best Things

By Douglas Ainslie

THE Art of Living! Few be they
That tend the triple flame:
They think too little, drive too fast,
Then sleep—and do the same.

The Art of Loving! Few indeed
Love now the loveliest things,
Pursue them always and renew
Their lives, like feathered wings.

The Art of Knowledge! Where to read,
To move, to muse, to rhyme;
The art of loons, the art of books,
The art of exquisite Time.

The Art of Arts, the world that hues,
And bronze and marble bound,
And rhythmic weddings of our clay
With supersensuous sound.

Love, Knowledge, Art—eternal Three:
Follow but one of these,
And you shall win a lifetime full
Of glorious jeopardies.

But if you follow all the Three,
Then gird your belt, arise,
With vigour in your strong right arm,
And ardour in your eyes,

And you shall win and you shall lose,
And losing all win more,
And deathless pass to be a God
Through Life's carved ivory door.

Requital

By W. Senior

Below grey Dover's bastions
That look across to Gaul
They bore the boat of Isis down
Beside the harbour wall.

They launched their bark of sacrifice
And sent it drifting thence,
With Kentish wildflowers strangely fraught
And hoards of Roman pence.

Homesick for blue Ligurian waves
And Ostia's sunny quay,
They watched it vanish in the blight
That shrouded all the sea.

The sundering currents carried it
Where Saxon snakes a score
Stole by with furtive sails to cheat
The wardens of the shore.

And lo! the raiders as it swam
Ghost-like beneath their eyes
Tossed out incautious clattering oars
With loud and greedy cries.

So Isis her own ritual
Into a warning turned,
And bright along the Saxon shore
The Roman watch-fires burned.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Cruelty in Sport

"It says in the paper," said Heddle, "that owing to the growth of football in Spain bull-fighting is losing its popularity."

"That'll kill the tourist thraffic," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Half the people that take a thrip to Spain make it their first business to see for thimselves the athrocities committed in the name of sport in the bull-ring. They sit out a three hours' programme and then write home to tell of the unspeakable cruelty they've witnessed and to suggest that the R.S.P.C.A. should hurl a brick through the window of the Spanish Embassy. Then they book places for a few more performances of the orgy of blood—just to make sure their eyes haven't been deceivin' thim.

"But I'm not surprised to hear that bull-fightin' is dyin' in Spain. It's not the sport it used to be. The quality of bull hasn't been improvin', and puttin' armour on the horses has made it a molly-coddle affair in the eyes of all thrue-hearted sportsmin. Besides, the awjence is now gettin' terribly particular. There was a time when—what's the fellah that harpoons the bull? Not cuspidor. It doesn't matther—when the joon premier had only to dhrive his sword into the correct part of the bull and turn him into a Sunday joint for the crowd to go crazy with delight and fling down masses of flowers at him. Now, if he kills the bull without havin' wan of the horns grazin' his own collar bone, he gets hooted be his enlightened pathrons, and the flowers that are hurled at him are contained in stone jars. So, as a profession, bull-fightin' is decayin' and the correspondence schools in it are shuttin' up."

"It's a rotten shame," said Heddle, "to allow such a cruel sport to go on at all."

"Maybe you're right," said the Sergeant. "But there's cruelty in every sport where animals are concerned, and I don't think we've anny call to throw stones at the Spaniards."

"Hang it all, Sar'nt," said Heddle, "we've nothing so cruel as bull-fighting."

"Where cruelty to animals is concerned, Heddle," said the Sergeant calmly, "I don't know where to dhraw the line. A sportsman wings a pheasant and it crawls into a spinney. I can't tell you if the bird suffers more pain than a horse that's been gored. For that reason I can't lay down the law and say you can go so far in cruelty and no further.

"Take fox-huntin', for example. I meself would get out of a sick-bed to watch the hounds sthreamin' across a meadow with the hunt goin' hell for leather afther a fox. But I'm not thryin' to pretend, as some do, that the fox is enjoyin' the outin'. I'd like to hear his runnin' commenthary on the hunt broadcast be the B.B.C. All the same, when the pack gets him, it's all over in a snap, which is a relief.

"Another thing, it's a redeemin' feature of huntin' that the fellah on the horse is riskin' his neck across counthry every time he gallops. It shows it's the hunt and not the kill that's the atthraction. And I take off me hat to the man that'll go out in the jungle and take his chance agen a man-eatin' tiger. Life is a battle from the moment you come into it, and some min have to satisfy their fightin' instinct be pittin' thimselves agen ferocious animals. I'd rather thrust thim than I would the fellahs that use the same instinct in finance and make corners in bread and meat.

"On the other hand, annybody who goes in for otther-huntin' has the divil's own nerve, to my mind, to call bull-fightin' cruel.

"It's too hard a problem for me to solve. Affection for animals is wan of the sthrangest sintaments min can have. There's people that can see a child smacked until it screams who'll raise hell if a hand is laid on an overfed Airedale or rethriever.

"But I don't think there's as much cruelty in the world as there used to be, and that may account for the dhrop in the gate receipts at the bull-fightin' fixtures. On the other hand, when I read of the threatmint that football referees get sometimes in Spain, I've a sthrong idea where the gallant hidalgos that used to pathronize bull-fightin' have moved to."

Lost Leaders

By Horace Shipp

Exiled. By John Galsworthy. (Wyndham's Theatre.)
The First Mrs. Fraser. By St. John Ervine. (Haymarket Theatre.)

JUDGING either of these plays by the standards which hold in the purlieus of Piccadilly Circus, they stand as interesting entertainment, good theatre, and deserving of the box-office success to which each has settled down. Judging them abstractly as works of art, or particularly as works of art from the pens of their respective authors, there can be little but disappointment. By a paradox Mr. Galsworthy disappoints by allowing his social conscience to run away with his logic, Mr. Ervine by frankly abandoning his social conscience altogether; Mr. Galsworthy by carrying his dramatic method to a *reductio ad absurdum*; Mr. Ervine by bundling his dramatic method out of the balloon and soaring to the rarefied heights of popular theatricalism.

Mr. Galsworthy's heart trouble is the more interesting case. He has always seen the other person's point of view, has always sympathized with the under-dog, has always held the scales and carried a doctrine of social determinism to its ultimate conclusion of universal pity and non-condemnation. How successfully that has served, the great body of his work as playwright and novelist testifies. But it had within itself the seed of its own undoing. Universal pity, the solution of all social difficulties by being nice to each other and giving a five-pound note where necessary; these things take us nowhere.

This viewpoint he has brought to an England suffering the pains of evolution, and the result is *Heartbreak House*, rewritten by a sympathetic onlooker. A horse-racing baronet, ruined, it seems, by the mere passing of membership of the equestrian classes as a profession; a group of miners ruined by the closing of pits which did not pay; two bookmakers ruined by the Tote; a photographer who might reasonably have been ruined by the coming of the photomaton; a tramp and a woman of the streets: all these studies in misfortune quaffed many drinks and gave or received five-pound notes, were universally kind to dumb animals and gentlemanly to each other, and bore up wonderfully amid their separate or conjoint ruins, and said that England was England still with a soul that would go marching on. How we

yearned for one touch of Nietzsche! True, there is some sort of a message that in difficult times we can behave finely, without hatred and suspicion, and that the human spirit can retain its nobility even though the impersonal forces of evolution are making life bitter. Yet surely there could be some more robust doctrine in face of evolution. Human institutions are made for man, and not man for institutions; and although this enervating universal kindness may be the atmosphere in which those changing institutions should be evolved, nobody will regard it as sufficient.

If Mr. Galsworthy tells us that it is no business of his to indicate solutions, but merely to record the phase of his time, we find that this sentimental view of life has destroyed his sense of character. How different these creations are from those of earlier plays; they exist for the entertainment of an evening, not for the eternity of literature. Their speech is undistinguished, their story diverting enough in its way, but lacking in significance. Nor do they really belong to our time, but to that suspended realm of the mind whereunto Mr. Galsworthy has retreated from a world with which he is fundamentally out of sympathy.

All this does not prevent *Exiled* from being an entertainment, and a well-acted entertainment at that. There are a round half-dozen fine performances by actors as distinguished as Lewis Casson, Edmund Gwenn, Brember Wills, and J. H. Roberts; whilst Mabel Russell, as a secretary such as never was, is a delight. By the standards of the theatre it is all interesting enough; only by those Mr. Galsworthy has taught us to apply to his work, it fails.

If Mr. Galsworthy has fallen from grace, Mr. St. John Ervine has deliberately stooped to conquer. His play is pure theatre; it never deviates from the box-office view. In this sphere it is an entire success: its story is well knit, its dialogue epigrammatical at all costs, its situations and climaxes and curtains well made to the final certainty of theatrical manufacture. Chief of all, it has a Marie Tempest part fitting that exquisite comedy actress like a very expensive glove, and a Henry Ainley part which brings him back as the darling of the stage. In loading the scales against youth the author titivates the stallites, and as the groundlings consist of a handful of people willing to pay three shillings for the doubtful privilege

of standing at the back of the theatre, there is little need to consider their views.

Perhaps it is a case of the dyer's hand, and Mr. Ervine has grown to believe that there is such a world as this of the theatre wherein as a critic all too many of his evenings are spent. Perhaps he has forgotten the early ideals which made him a Fabian and an advocate of the repertory theatre. Anyway, this comedy has taken limelight for sunlight; its problems of whose husband is divorcing has divorced or will divorce whom among this group of impossible people do not matter a snap of the fingers. They bandy epigrams and strings of pearls; they invade or leave the house of the first Mrs. Fraser with only a dramatist's licence; they shine with the persevering brilliance of new paste.

If we complain again, it is that Mr. Ervine convinced us in his early work that he stood for the big things in the theatre, and not for this ephemeral brightness. In its own way *The First Mrs. Fraser* is extremely amusing stuff, although at times its humour is terribly laboured; but Marie Tempest could carry any play upon her own shoulders and so could Henry Ainley. There is an excellent scene where wife No. 1, in order to free her ex-husband and catch him on the rebound, dictates the elopement of wife No. 2, who sits at a telephone and conscientiously repeats her commands to the invisible lover. Amusing enough, as Mr. Ervine's ideas about young men from Oxford are amusing, or his portrait of a modern young woman. But they all happen to have nothing to do with life. When, at rare moments, the author turns serious and makes his characters say something as though they meant it, there is an ominous sensation of ripping canvas and trickling sawdust. It seldom occurs; and for the rest we smile pleasedly or laugh honestly, and accept this smart Mrs. Fraser with whom clever Mr. Ervine has taken up, forgetting our anticipations when once he brought plain Jane Clegg to the English theatre.

Lovers of the good things in drama should keep an eye upon the programmes of the Everyman Theatre. Recently they gave us Bjornson's *The Gauntlet*, and are now reviving Strindberg's *The Father* for a limited season. These Scandinavian dramas are part of the heritage of the theatre, and it is important that one theatre in London should occasionally give them to us.

Books

LITERARY VIEWS

THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES. ESSAYS BY FELLOWS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE. Edited by H. GRANVILLE-BARKER. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is a credit to a Society which some while since was doing little to deserve its title. The eleven essays are all well done and often witty, and the survey covers a wide sweep in literature and drama. There was no Fellow, perhaps, with scientific leanings to do justice to science, then making fruitful advances and dominating the world of thought. The 'seventies were chosen, the Editor tells us, as now sufficiently remote to be romantic; otherwise it was, on the whole, a static period when the Early Victorian impulses were dying out and the demand for new freedoms in life and letters had not become prominent.

Lord Crewe begins with an admirable account of Lord Houghton, whose gift for paradox and friendships of all sorts—he was credited with forming a Heaven-and-Hell Amalgamation Society—spoilt, perhaps, his political career, but made him the most generous and useful of friends to literature. In his day it was still possible to be both a man of fashion and a man of letters, and Laurence Oliphant in his "Piccadilly" wrote of a world in which he was *persona grata*. The busy and clever practitioners of fiction today are seldom in society, if such a thing can still be said to exist, and often deride the conventions of a class they do not understand. Mr. Walpole, viewing the male novelists of the period, wonders "whether our increased sophistication has not largely killed our old creative force." He finds that Wilkie Collins made the plot of devastating importance, and notes, of course, the changes in morality and reticence since achieved. The old idea of marriage with a vista of felicity after has given place to no marriage at all in the modern novel. So he puts it, though an observer of such literature might suggest that marriage did occur, but mainly as a chance or excuse to sow extensive and wild crops in further fields. Mr. De La Mare thinks women novelists were too inclined to be well informed. If fiction is, as he says, "a picturesque annotation of history," the up-to-date novel has declined in this respect. The writers of the 'seventies supply a more secure background of English life for social historians, for they do not ignore country life. The characters of today are too busy talking about their reactions and profiting by Freud to make much of their *milieu*. And of moral indignation—the curse of the 'seventies! they have not a trace.

Mr. Saintsbury's account of Andrew Lang, a eulogy suffused by happy memories, brings back the time when a scholar playing gracefully with the pen could occupy some of the space in the Press now filled by the half-educated with trivialities for the

shallow-minded. We wonder what has become of Clio till we come to Dr. Macan's delightful account of Oxford. But surely more than one sentence was due to the "Short Studies in Great Subjects." They last better than Pater's confectionery, which today is of as much, or as little, note as the philosophy of T. H. Green. Jowett, the great Oxonian influence of the period, was both an English classic and a shrewd man of the world who got his men into more places than Cambridge could secure. It was he who hit off the internecine criticism of dons Dr. Macan notes by remarking that every man was as good as another till he had written a book. Henry Sidgwick, the reformer, was the most potent figure for the future at Cambridge, which started women's colleges and the Extension movement. The remains of the Simeonites did not make for intellectual advance, as Mr. Heitland remarks in his Cambridge survey, and malcontents in religion like Samuel Butler and Leslie Stephen were the coming men in literature. "Hours in a Library" offers more to readers of today than the moral Hutton or the fluent Stopford Brooke, though Stephen with his sober rationalism was never a good judge of poetry. Lowell's "My Study Windows" might have been added to the critics, and two important books have not fitted into the scheme of the survey, Morley on "Compromise" and Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." V. R.

SHADES OF ETON. By PERCY LUBBOCK. Cape. 7s. 6d.

SCHOOL reminiscences wear, as a rule, a disorderly air, but Mr. Lubbock will not bate us a jot of his elaborate and highly-polished style. He is the slave of the *mot juste*, with the result that he loses himself in a cloud of words. So we cannot be surprised if, while the manner is excellent, the matter becomes indefinite; and we end in a record of Eton's reaction on his own personality, rather than about Eton itself. This subjective method may find favour with the elect group which takes Walter Pater and A. C. Benson for its prophets; but the average reader can be excused if he find it unsatisfying. He will probably complain that he is told so little about the life of a great school, and so much about the growing pains of a sensitive soul. We read of the head of the author's private school, that "our friend wrote beautiful [Latin] verses himself (not that I could well savour their style)"; a fact that seems scarcely remarkable in a critic of barely twelve. The constant recurrence of phrases such as "a morsel of lonely consciousness," "the patient fatalism of youth," "the seethe of anxiety in which I lived," "the tension of our schooldays," suggests a persistent preoccupation with self quite alien to the English schoolboy, and of doubtful value, under any circumstances, to its owner. After these revealing glimpses of the author's mind we learn, without surprise, that he finds no

good in games (of which cricket, we gather, is the worst, if the least "jostling"), and are even prepared to hear that someone "ingeminates a cry." Mr. Lubbock, in fact, must be classed among the "highbrows"—if our understanding of this term be correct. He despises common games and common ways of speaking.

For the few Eton figures to whom he allows himself a reference he has nothing but kindly words, his praise in some cases being even excessive; and his tribute to Edmund Warre, though he denies him any intellectual influence on the school, is, on the whole, the best thing in the book. But we are afraid that the great majority of those who read it in reliance on its title will be disappointed. Those who knew Eton in the 'nineties will find but little here to recall it to their memory, while for readers who are not old Etonians the picture will lack definition and reality. Mr. Lubbock, in a word, writes beautifully, but his book is concerned far less with Eton than with himself.

BEFORE THE BLUESTOCKINGS. By ADA WALLAS. Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

THESE six short studies will fill a gap in the knowledge of many concerning the position of educated Englishwomen between the days of Dorothy Osborne and Mary Wortley Montagu. First we hear about Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a valiant foe to tightlacing and face-painting, and as famous a domestic economist as that later Hannah who did not tell us "first to catch our hare." A more scholarly dame of whom we hear much from Mrs. Graham Wallas is Lady Masham, who died in Queen Anne's reign. She had no connection with the Abigail who upset the Marlborough ascendancy, but was the friend and hostess for years of John Locke, into whose philosophical waters she could walk without getting out of her depth. Her Christian name was Damaris, and it was not a bit too nice for her.

Queen Anne might now have been less dead had she not been induced by Bishop Burnet to cancel a promise of £10,000 which she almost certainly made to Mary Astell for the foundation of a college for the higher education of young women. Miss Astell held strong views on many points. She regarded a girl who fell in love before marriage as guilty of gross impropriety, and she believed that the better our education, the happier we should be in Heaven, if we ever got there.

Elizabeth Elstob, authority on Anglo-Saxon, had much the hardest time of the four women here recalled, until, already crippled by rheumatism, she obtained, through the influence of such friends as Mrs. Chapone and Mrs. Delany, a grant from Queen Caroline and, later, a post as governess in the Bentinck family. She enjoys a rare distinction as the woman who scored rather neatly off Jonathan Swift.

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WALTER DE LA MARE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By FORREST REID. Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.

OF all living writers none enjoys a place more assured than Walter de la Mare. Already he has become a classic, and the quality of his work is so consistent that it is unlikely to change in any fundamental respect, so that we are in the position to estimate

his place in the tradition of English literature. Mr. Forrest Reid has made a careful textual and technical survey of the whole existing body of Walter de la Mare's work in prose and poetry, emphasizing the author's characteristics, interpreting by relating separate books or poems to the complete cycle or to each other, delving beneath the surface for the inner meanings. It is a conscientious study, and its subject repays so much toil, for Walter de la Mare in spite of his external charm is not an easy author. Indeed, it is because of his first appeal that we are in danger of hearing the music and letting the meaning go. This volume upon him guards against that danger. The significance of the works is brought out by very full quotation, and one is struck by the perfect harmony of thought which makes an unbroken sequence of the forty books which the author has published. The danger in these circumstances is that the note will be too insistently sounded, and the writer of this study has not faced this charge of monotony sometimes urged against his subject. His criticism has been rather textual, and on the minor points of technique, but one does not wish to detract from a volume which gives the joy of scholarly enthusiasm to a subject so worthy as Walter de la Mare.

FICTION

DEWER RIDES. By L. A. G. STRONG. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

DEWER is a power of evil on Dartmoor whom all men shun when he rides abroad, and it is in this district, full of strong, free-spoken men and traces of primitive life, that Mr. Strong places his fine story. His hero is Dick Brendon, a boy whose face shows possibilities for good and evil, educated for a while above his rank as a gentleman, and then relapsing into successful work as a farmer. His strength and powers as a fighter are notable, and he is ruined by his lack of self-control. He might have been saved by a girl, but their natures were too discordant to make for happiness. Mr. Strong is evidently a close observer of his home in Dartmoor and brings out his scenery with many effective touches. The hero occasionally seems to think and speak beyond his education, but his reactions are subtly conceived. We are old-fashioned enough to regret the incidents of sadism and madness, especially as without them there is enough of the grotesque and primitive to add colour to the story.

ABOVE AND BELOW. By R. D. DORTHY. Secker. 7s. 6d.

THIS story, if such it can be called, covering a few hours in the lives of half-a-dozen average middle-class Londoners, is less of a narrative than a detailed and intimate presentment of the mental processes of each of them. Whatever the merits of this

method—and it is not likely to appeal to everybody—it has enabled the author to produce an agreeable little gallery of quite memorable nonentities, for so we should certainly term them if encountered in the flesh. Clayton, the jovial general practitioner; the deliciously burbling Dorothy; Beatrice, the placid; and Frederick, an amorous usher, deep in love with his friend's wife, "but not hopelessly," are all people we should like to meet again. But the last-named, who receives the lion's share of the author's scrutiny, is over-prone to the sort of aimless profundity which we associate with the meditations of Mr. Wells's heroes. His sentimental dilemma finds its solution when Death in the flat above, synchronizing with the dinner in the flat below, at which he had been nerving himself sulkily for the final romantic touch, brings its douche of reality. This is a first book of exceptional promise.

THE OLD ROAD. By MARY CROSBIE. Philip Allan. 7s. 6d.

AT the beginning of Mary Crosbie's book you find yourself marking sentences and passages because of her felicity of phrasing, but when your enthusiastic marginalia look too nearly like a repeat pattern, you surrender yourself to the charm of it and take her humour, her exquisite revealing nature touches, her insight into human minds and her power of expressing that insight, everything that goes to the making of her book, for granted. Its story at moments lacks conviction: we cannot quite believe that Caroline would have married her successful novelist, or that having married him, she would so soon have broken free. The art of the narrator has been expended to assure us that it was so, but her power as a creator has made of Caroline a person so real that we know exactly how she would behave in the circumstances. So, too, with Winstanley, her lover. Even the author shows that she doesn't believe he would have acted thus, and risks something approaching anti-climax and slip-shod ending in expressing the doubt. All things considered, we do not read this book for its story, but rather to live with the characters Mary Crosbie has created in the world she has created for them. Her sense of nature is a real thing, having no affinity with the objective bits of description wherewith the essentially urban novelist so often sees fit to embellish a work. Her London may be guide-book and her London intellectuals creatures of straw, but her moorland Northern country holds us as it held Caroline; and her North country types ring true as steel. The book is pleasing, too, in its economy of writing, that unobtrusive symbolism which gives every incident, every sentence almost, significant organic relationship to the whole. This second book by Mary Crosbie establishes her as a fine writer.

WAR. By LUDWIG RENN. Secker. 7s. 6d.

WE are not told how far we are to regard this remarkable book as true in every detail. The author, a lance-corporal on mobilization, writes in the first person; but he can hardly, one thinks, have been precise about all the men who figured with him on the Western front from the opening march till the hopeless collapse which ended in the Armistice. Otherwise every detail seems veracious, preserved by a wonderful memory; and, in spite of some touches of kindliness and good feeling, the author's account is enough to put anybody against war for ever. He was clearly a soldier of unusual competence, able to deal with difficult situations, and, though laid aside twice by painful wounds, he escaped bullets marvellously. He was some way above the average man in brains, though this is his only book; and he found little satisfaction in playing cards, or the silly games of the German soldier, or getting drunk. His eye and nose for horrible things were always vigilant, and it is his regard for these horrors that makes his book a triumph of realism on its sordid side.

It is depressing also for two reasons. First, there is none of the nobility one might discover in hand-to-hand fighting. The soldier goes or creeps out as secretly as possible, whither he knows not, finds a shelter or makes one if he has time, and all the while has doubts whether he has gone too far or not far enough, losing touch with the reserves and the vehicles which bring up his food. Toward the end there is marked bitterness against those safe behind the lines who give orders, and mutineers seize food and refuse to drill.

Secondly, good fellow as the author evidently is, his lack of humour adds to the incessant gloom. He won the Iron Cross, but never found himself, a brave but puzzled soldier through all his trials. One odd thing is that till the March offensive of 1918 the French are the only enemy. No Englishman appears of those who fought in the mud and carnage of the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

The translation reads fairly well, though a note or two would have made it clearer where German usage differs from ours. What, for instance, is "nearly forty degrees" of fever on the thermometer?

POETRY

THE RAMBLING SAILOR. By CHARLOTTE MEW. Poetry Bookshop. 3s. 6d.
SOME POEMS. By RUPERT CROFT COOK. Galleon Press. 7s. 6d.
OUT OF THE COALFIELDS. By F. C. BODEN. Dent. 3s. 6d.

How much good poetry is being written these three books will bear witness. How little it is known becomes evident when we consider the reputations of these authors. Charlotte Mew, be it granted, has long had a place in the eyes of the discerning,

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although I doubt whether even with the additions from this volume of posthumous poetry her whole life output exceeds fifty poems. The other authors are almost unknown. Yet in the three volumes there is scarcely a poem which does not achieve that high standard of sincere utterance and technical exactness which we demand of poetry.

Miss Mew's work has an almost terrifying earnestness. Her tragic life and fine personality are presented in a tiny two-page introduction to this book; an introduction which for reticence, for delicacy, and, nevertheless, for understanding and revelation would have earned the fastidious praise of its subject. The poems tell us the rest. They give one the feeling that the poetess has held her works in leash till the last moment, and then they have broken away and raced down some inevitable course of perfect language. There is none of the "emotional slither" of which Ezra Pound warns poets. Charlotte Mew seldom stops short of greatness, and in "The Farmer's Bride," and this new volume, "The Rambling Sailor," there is the quality of poetry which establishes the writer more surely than any quantity could do.

Mr. Croft Cook is a newcomer. His work occasionally appears in the pages of reviews, and it is good to have a volume

to hand. It has the self-consciousness of a young man's work, but a fine sense of beauty and a power of language which give it place and poise. Modernist in its idiom, it dares often to be almost conversational; but this is refreshingly real, and better than artificial raptures on nightingales and roses. Beauty, however, is his matter, and the sadness of the dreams of youth fading.

"Out of the Coalfields" is Mr. Boden's second book; "Pit-head Poems" appeared two years ago. For the sensitive man life in the coalfields offers only the stuff of tragedy. Its ugliness, its disasters, its dreariness, these are the recurring notes. In revolt against them and against the fate which dooms him and his fellows he turns to Nature, but the big things of the book are the realistic things and it is these which we remember.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

José Antonio Páez. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann. 15s.

Apart from students of South American history, few English readers are likely to know more about Páez than that he was somehow associated with Bolivar in the "liberating" of Spain's colonial possessions during the first half of last century. Yet he undoubtedly is a more attractive character than Bolivar himself, however inferior to that truly great man in intellectual power. The records of his career are mainly Spanish, and Mr. Cunninghame Graham, than whom no one could be better qualified for the task, has compiled from many authorities a biography which gains greatly, as might be supposed, from his own knowledge, style, and humour. For the most part he offers us a stirring narrative of patriotism, peculation, courage, treachery, cruelty, generosity, fighting, murder, and intrigue, giving a remarkably clear idea of the characteristics of the hybrid populations of Venezuela and her neighbours and their state of civilization, even up to recent times. Many boys and girls, as well as their grown-up kinsfolk, will enjoy thrilling accounts of hand-to-hand conflicts, ambushes, rescues, and particularly such incidents as that of Páez trusting himself in the midst of a gang of armed ruffians whose leader was wavering as to whether or not he should kill his old enemy.

Where we owe so much to the author, it may seem like looking a gift-mustang in the mouth to find faults. But it was a mistake to assume that the majority of his readers would know Spanish and be able to appreciate the many references in footnotes and other quotations in that language. Also the system of punctuation throughout, especially in the placing (or omission) of commas, is peculiar.

Among the illustrations is a portrait of Doña Catalina, the

author's Spanish grandmother. Her husband (his maternal grandfather) was Admiral Fleeming, a friend of Páez when H.M.S. "Barham" was in Venezuelan waters, a year or two before that gallant frigate conveyed Scott to the Mediterranean.

A Baghdad Chronicle. By Reuben Levy. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

It is a curious fact that Baghdad and its much over-rated caliph, the "good" Haroun-al-Raschid, were unknown to Western Europe until Antoine Galland, dragoman in the French Embassy at Constantinople, published his charming paraphrase of the "Arabian Nights" and made the Caliph of Baghdad a popular figure in story, poetry, and even music. Whatever the origin of the name, Baghdad was a mere village inhabited by Nestorians until Mansur, the second Abbasid Caliph, father of Haroun-al-Raschid, founded the new capital on the Tigris and gave it the name by which it was always known in Arabic history and on Arabic coins, "Medinat-as-Salam," the "City of Peace"—a name, to judge by its history, illustrating the derivative principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. In the Middle Ages Baghdad and Babylon were commonly confused, even by Sir Thomas Roe, and it was the Roman traveller Pietro della Valle who first distinguished the two places. There was not much tranquillity in the City of Peace according to the history which Mr. Levy has collected with immense labour and remarkable insight from every possible Arabic annalist, biographer, and authoritative source. His work was the more difficult since searching for details of the life of citizens even in so famous a capital is like the proverbial hunt for a needle in a pottle of hay. Arabic writers naturally assume that their readers know all about Arabic life and customs and, therefore, maintain an irritating silence on the very subjects we want to know. But Mr. Levy is not to be defeated by "haystacks" of dull records of fights and conquests and schismatical riots, such as fill the learned but scarcely exciting volumes of Weil's "Geschichte der Chalifen"—a standard work by no means to be despised—and he has extricated innumerable "needles" finely pointed. His chronicle is fully documented, as is proved by the references to the Arabic sources, wisely given at the end of the book instead of distracting the reader at the foot of each page. If there are sometimes considerable gaps without references, we may trust the chronicler.

Altogether this is an admirable and illuminating piece of scholarly work which was undoubtedly needed. It is well written in lucid and not exaggerative style, and the Cambridge Press has, as usual, eschewed misprints. We noticed "Ummayads" twice (p. 13), and on p. 237 "Saladin's overthrow" is unintentionally given a passive instead of an active sense. It is a pity

that there is no map or plan of the city and its suburbs, for Mr. Guy le Strange's scholarly book on the topography of Baghdad is not in every reader's hands.

No one needs to be afraid that this "Chronicle" is a dreary collection of uncouth Oriental names. Mr. Levy has humour, and has picked plenty of good stories out of the too often tedious records of the native historians. There is a delightful set of rules for gentlemanly conduct drawn up in the tenth century, and one cannot help admiring the broadmindedness of the people of Baghdad, who were noted for their corpulency—due to sedentary habits and the temperament of *laissez faire*—when they welcomed an ambassador from Persia remarkable for a tiny head and an immense paunch "which spread over the withers of the mule he was riding," and genially caricatured this weighty envoy by making huge round pots with little nobs on top, so that there was an "al-samin" ("the Fat") jar in every house. The caliphs were noble builders and endowed many splendid hospitals for the poor, of all which scarcely more than one minaret in the "Thread Bazar" still stands. The recovery in the twelfth century by the city and its caliphs of much of their former prestige forms one of the most interesting chapters in a fascinating book.

THE RESTORATION AND THE JULY MONARCHY. By J. LUCAS-DUBRETON. Translated by E. F. BUCKLEY. Heinemann. 12s. 6d.

THIS forms the eighth volume of the "National History of France," edited by that first-rate historian, Mr. Funck-Brentano. Still to come are the volumes on the Consulate and Empire, by M. Louis Madelin, who has just been elected to the Académie Française, and the Revolution of 1848 and the Second Empire, by M. René Arnaud. When the work is completed, it will be the equivalent of the "Political History of England" edited some twenty years ago by the Rev. W. Hunt and Sir Sidney Low.

After great wars the history of the reconstruction is apt to prove dull, and till now the dullest period of French history has been considered to be the reigns of Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe, especially that of the last-named. His pear-shaped head gave rise to the word *poire* being used as a slang name for a ninny or mug. It is probable that the ten years we have just passed through will be regarded by historians a hundred years hence as rather dreary and eventless, and the ministry of Mr. Baldwin will be compared with that of Lord Liverpool. But M. Lucas-Dubreton fills the period with life; he shows that the events of the dullest epoch can be full of interest and even tragedy, just as Balzac and Mr. Arnold Bennett have shown that the lives of the apparently humdrum are in reality full of thrilling moments. The accounts of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, of the

Revolutions of 1830 and 1848, and the conquest of Algeria stand out as well-told incidents. It must not be forgotten that Queen Victoria was the first foreign sovereign to put foot on French soil since 1830, when she landed in France in September 1843. It was then that Lord Aberdeen used by accident the phrase *entente cordiale* when talking to M. de Jarnac, and it was repeated by Louis Philippe in an address to the Chambers in the following December. Louis Philippe was a very shrewd ruler who knew well the French peasant and his love of peace. It was a sad blow for France when Guizot's enemies overthrew him unscrupulously and led to the fall of the dynasty, thus making way for the disastrous Second Empire.

There are excellent bibliographies at the end of each chapter, suggesting further research to those who need it. It is a pity the author could not have found room for a chapter on the literary history of the time which included the flowering of the Romantic movement. But it is interesting to note the strides history has made in the past fifty years by turning up the old history of Victor Duruy, at one time Minister for Education under Napoleon III. It was the text-book in all French schools until his death in 1894; yet one wonders how any one could learn anything from its arid and conventional pages. The translation has been adequately made, although there is a bad slip on the very first page, where "courtisans" is used for "courtiers"; the word "courtisan" is not English, although "courtesan" is with a different meaning.

THE WHIGS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By JAMES SCOTT. Richards. 5s.

ONE always opens a Richards book by an unknown author with a thrill of expectation, for one remembers in the past the number of well-known authors he has been the first to introduce to the public. But in this case the thrill did not come. Mr. Scott has written a very correct essay on one of the great parties in English politics. He has read carefully his Hallam and Macaulay. But he leaves us cold; John Richard Green was much more enthusiastic about them. Walpole, who firmly seated them in the saddle, obtained the support of the country by his bribery and pocket boroughs, by his refusal to toy with Catholicism, and by his keeping England out of war for twenty-one years, during which time it recovered its prosperity after the expensive wars of Marlborough and the gamble of the South Sea Bubble. But every Whig is a coward and plays for safety. The steady Pelhams drove Carteret from office, and it was not till the elder Pitt, who was no Whig, inspired them with his oratory that the Seven Years' War was brought to a victorious conclusion. They had a second chance after 1832, but Grey and Russell were never the equals of Peel; and Palmerston, as Mr. Guedalla has shown, was more a Tory than a Whig.

The remainder of Mr. Scott's book is filled with shorter essays on Lord Morley's *Compromise*, a Whiggish pamphlet, on the Dilettante and Books, Boots and Shoes, Tramps, Adventure. They make pleasant reading, but hardly carry enough weight to justify reprinting.

GENERAL

THE ALIEN MENACE. By LIEUT.-COL. A. H. LANE. Second edition, with a Foreword by LORD SYDENHAM OF COMBE. St. Stephen's Publishing Company. 2s. 6d.

TROTSKY'S naïve attempt to settle over here and the recent deportation of undesirable Italians only emphasize what is known to all observers of London life. We cherish far too many aliens, and we hope this book will bring to a head the protests we are always hearing about their unwholesome activities. They take the work and houses our own people want, and they introduce morals and manners, such as stabbing with the knife, which we certainly do not want. We ought to have an Ellis Island where authority could examine before it admits and not seldom reject. As it is, *what has been refused by America is dumped in this country*. Naturalization, as Lord Sydenham points out, is no safeguard; it does not change the habits of "students" and others whose real energies are cleverly concealed. This riffraff often avoids detection by a changed name, or a new nationality, and can have no nationality at all, if deportation is ordered. Colonel Lane has procured enough evidence to justify his proposals, and the last chapter, "Cases in the Courts," is a counterblast to sloppy sentimentality. The public may not know that the alien draws both dole and guardians' relief and profits everywhere by official weakness. One man has been recommended for deportation no fewer than five times, but has to stay because his country refuses to receive him. Why was he ever let in?

Permits should be reduced, not increased. Periodical "round-ups" and tribunals on the lines described on pp. 95–7 might be instituted with advantage. Whether the present laxity is due to the influence of hidden hands or not, it is in every way deleterious to our national life and interests. "Britain for the British" is a sound maxim, and M.P.s should be forced to promote the legislation they profess to desire. We are far behind the Continent and our Dominions in sensible restrictions.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE. By GLADYS STOREY. With 49 illustrations by well-known artists. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

THE people in this agreeable medley of reminiscence turn out to be mostly artists of the brush or the stage. This is natural, as the author was on the stage before the war and is the daughter

and granddaughter of artists well known in their day. Having kept a diary since the age of seven and possessing high spirits and persistency, she has seen and recorded much. Since she wrote, her friend, Mrs. Perugini, has died at the age of nearly ninety, retaining the vivacity her father noted in the nickname of "Lucifer Box." Miss Storey tells us that it was she who arranged the end of the quarrel between Dickens and Thackeray over the undesirable Edmund Yates. The tribute to Mr. Granville Barker as a producer is very welcome. Some of the painters noticed do not last very well in repute, we fear, today, or impress us much in the Tate Gallery; but their geniality and good humour are pleasant. The writer's father produced the quatrain:

> If Bacon wrote Shakespeare,
> Then Shakespeare wrote Bacon
> When both were so drunk
> That each one was mistaken.

Mr. Shaw thought this book ought to be called the "Autobiography of an Inveterate Caller," and the writer has certainly secured a host of little sketches from artists which add much to the book. It is a little slapdash in its composition.

MIDDLETOWN. By ROBERT S. LYND and HELEN MERRELL LYND. Constable. 18s. 6d.

"LIFE and Labour of the People in London," by the late Charles Booth, was a revelation to many Londoners of their gross ignorance concerning most of their fellow-citizens. "Middletown" (a pseudonym) is a far less important but highly informative study of an American town of about 38,000 inhabitants. Impressions likely to remain in a reader's mind are that quiet home-life in "Middletown" is mostly reserved for families too poor to pay club-subscriptions, and that among the remaining population schoolgirls from fourteen years upwards have a lively time.

Clubs of various kinds number, for adults, over 360, with a membership of about 24,000, while there are 95 juvenile clubs, with over 2,800 members. However much overlapping there may be, it is clear that the people of "Middletown" are, on the whole, a clubbable lot, from childhood to old age.

Knowledge, for its own sake, appears to be held in small esteem by the men, but there is a better tale to tell of the women. As for the boys and girls, much of the dancing and the dalliance over cakes and soft drinks is fostered by school clubs. Every girl must have her boy, and as "a boy has to take a girl in a taxi, if he has not the use of the family car," pocket-money is a serious matter for fathers.

But though the "thrill" of love may come early in "Middletown," the authors are able to assure us, as the result of many "talks with mothers," that "the exclusive emphasis upon romantic love makes way as adolescence recedes for a pragmatic calculus." To an English schoolgirl such a prospect may appear alarming, but it is not quite so bad as it sounds.

THE STRATFORD ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by RONALD PETRIE. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

The profits of this book are to be devoted to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, an excellent object. The anthology is curiously interesting because each of the 520 contributors has chosen the quotation he prefers. Mr. Petrie has secured a well-varied crowd in all ranks of life, including foreigners as well as natives. Most of them, we think, are no longer young. That ought to add to the soundness of their selections, and all have a special interest in Shakespeare, which should be a change after the usual dose of popular publicists and bright young persons.

Shakespeare himself has naturally attracted a good deal of attention and accounts for more than forty entries. The surprising thing to us is the immense body of self-quoters, like Mrs. Tweedie, who delivers to the public "Tweedieisms." Over eighty persons apparently prefer to quote themselves rather than anybody else. Brahms, when he was asked to autograph a lady's fan, wrote on it a phrase from a waltz by Strauss with the words, "Unfortunately not by me." Such gracious appreciation of others is evidently unpopular in the hustling world of today.

The contributors are in alphabetical order, but an index of authors at the end would have been attractive. A long way after the self-quoters come Shakespeare, next Tennyson (who need not have been called "Lord Tennyson"), Milton, and Browning. Two people have had the good taste to quote a charming stanza Gray rejected from his "Elegy." Two also quote the quatrain beginning "Life is mostly froth and bubble." Either they or Mr. Petrie ascribe it to Charles Kingsley. It belongs to Adam Lindsay Gordon.

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